


SCREENLAND



January
25c

NITA PAGE

By

Georgia
Warren

MYSTERIES of Hollywood
By Rob Wagner

Parents Keep Slender

Youthful figures at all ages now

No need to tell you, if you look about, that excess fat is disappearing fast. The old term, "Fat and forty" no longer applies to the many. Men and women who are wise keep about as slender as their daughters.

This change has come largely in the past few years. Not by starvation, not by abnormal exercise. A great factor in it is a scientific discovery, now largely employed by physicians. It combats a major cause of obesity. This factor has come into very wide use in late years. All you who suffer excess fat should know the facts about it.



Science Fights Fat

Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then,

this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

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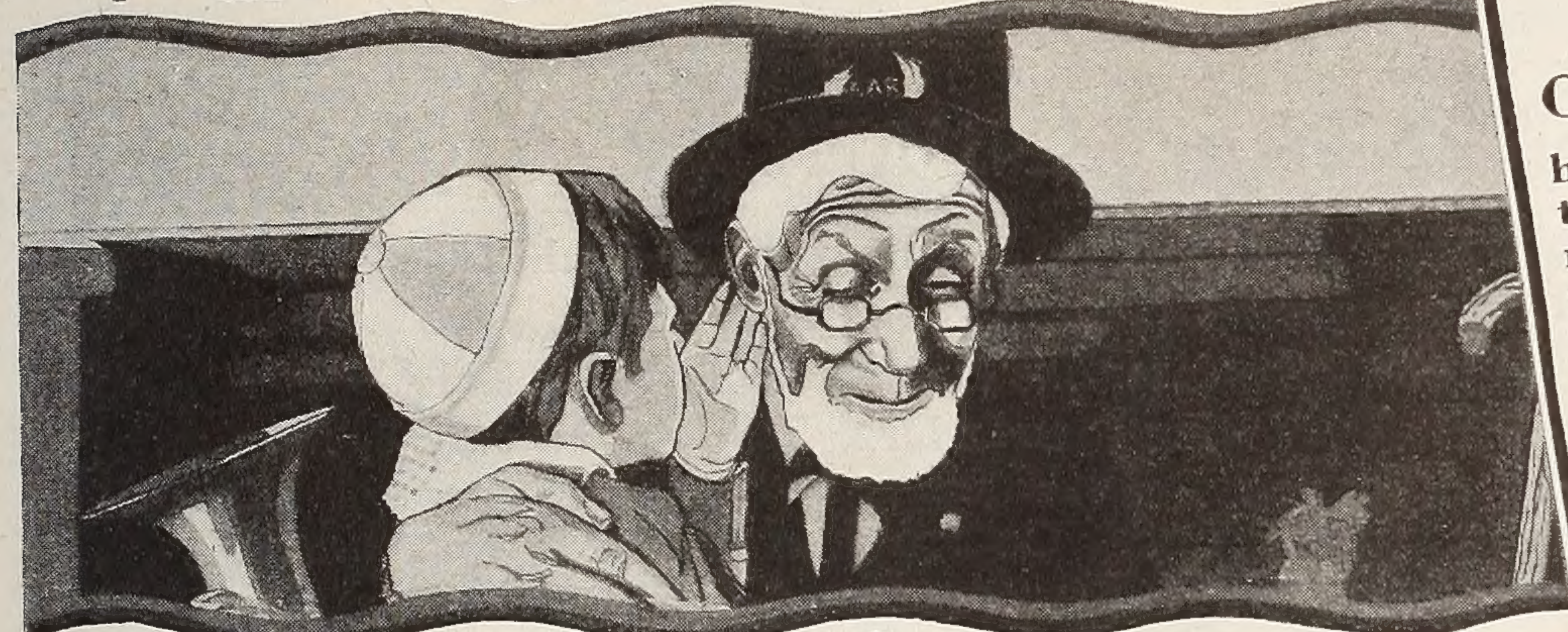
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"Beg pardon--Is this bawth engaged?"

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ear to ear"

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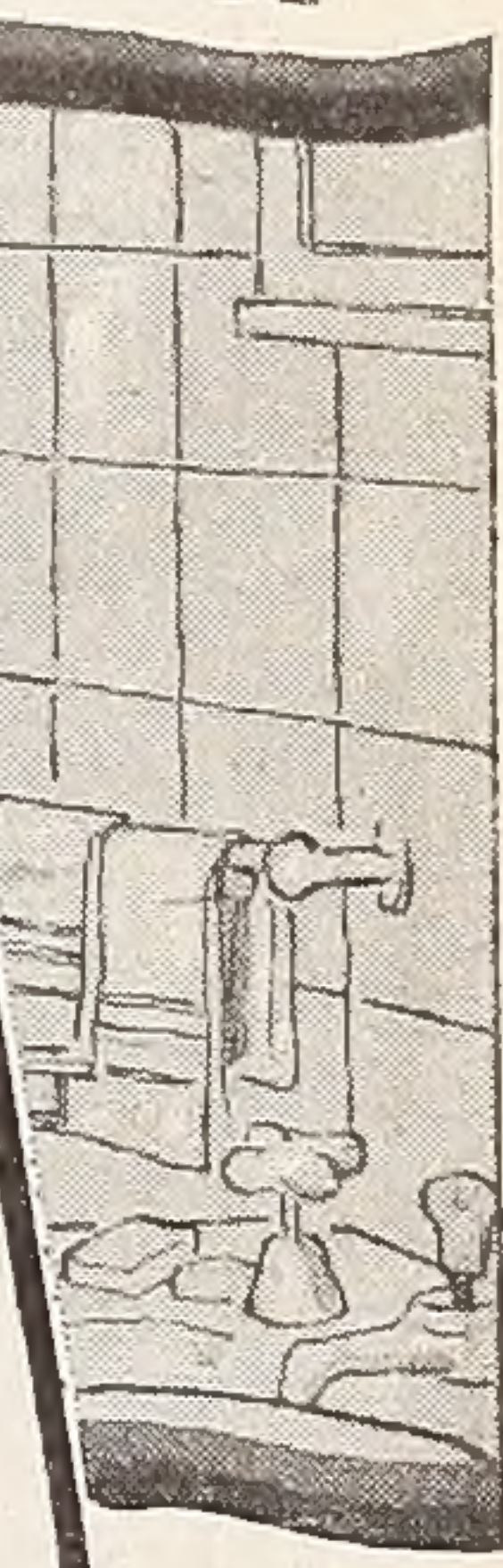
and"

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The funniest clowns on the screen! What goofy guys! What irresistible comedy! You never heard or saw a funnier picture than

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☞ Anita Page, the Girl on the Cover, will be heard as well as seen in the all-talking picture, "Broadway Melody."



☞ SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

SCREENLAND

January, 1929

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Delight Evans, Editor

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Confessions of the FANS

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THE EDITOR

Glamour vs. Realism



I wonder what we like best in the movies? I think I like the glamour, and pictures that depict the life that I may never see otherwise. I am not so far removed from the child who devoured fairy tales and games which began with "Let's pretend—"; or the girl in her teens who loved the uniforms and gay trappings of "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Merry Widow"; and that's why I like my movies "dressed up."

Of course, there is the percentage who cry for "Realism." But isn't that percentage much smaller than that of those who go to the movies for rest and relaxation and a change from the drab life most of them are leading? They may not admit it, but who hasn't at some time or other lived through the picture with himself or herself as the lead, and who hasn't entered the theatre at the end of a tiring day and found themselves after a couple of hours completely refreshed through forgetting themselves and being transported to another life entirely.

Say what we like, we enjoy having our senses appealed to, and that is just what the pictures do. We laugh with "Show Girl" one night, and weep with "The Singing Fool" the next; we marvel at the bravery which made "Wings" possible, and sit in awe before the grandeur of "Ben Hur" and "King of Kings." It is a poor sort of person who can not find a picture to suit him.

I do not mean to scoff at realism, for neither do I like a film which is too utterly impossible, and I think strong pictures like "The Perfect Crime" and "The Docks of New York" have been weakened by their endings. But I still contend that nine-tenths of the people go to the movies to see something which is a change from their every-day life.

I think it is the same way with the motion picture periodicals. How interested we are in the parties of Hollywood, and even in the smallest event which concerns

(Continued on page 8)

DEAR EDITOR:

I HAVE always been a movie enthusiast! I can remember the opening week of the first regular picture house in Auburn. I was nothing but a kid, but the tales of the new red velvet seats, and the lovely white and gold decorations were too much for me. Mother sent me uptown to the store with a piece of silk to match, for which she was in a great hurry. I had the promise of the nickel which would be left, if I was speedy. I started off on a run! By the time I reached the store and made my purchase, my legs and ambition were dragging a bit. On my return trip, I had to pass the theatre. How cool and inviting it looked, and how hot and tired was I. My steps began to falter, and I tried to make excuses to my conscience. "I'll only stay a minute—get rested and look around, and then go right home." I fell! Only it wasn't a minute I stayed, it was three quarters of an hour before I realized where I was again. To my child's eyes it was marvellous. I draw a veil over the belated homecoming, but from then on I was a dyed-in-the-wool fan.

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* * *
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What greater feeling then, than to think of the new books you have just ordered. The latest brainchild of your favorite author, and others you have often wished to read.

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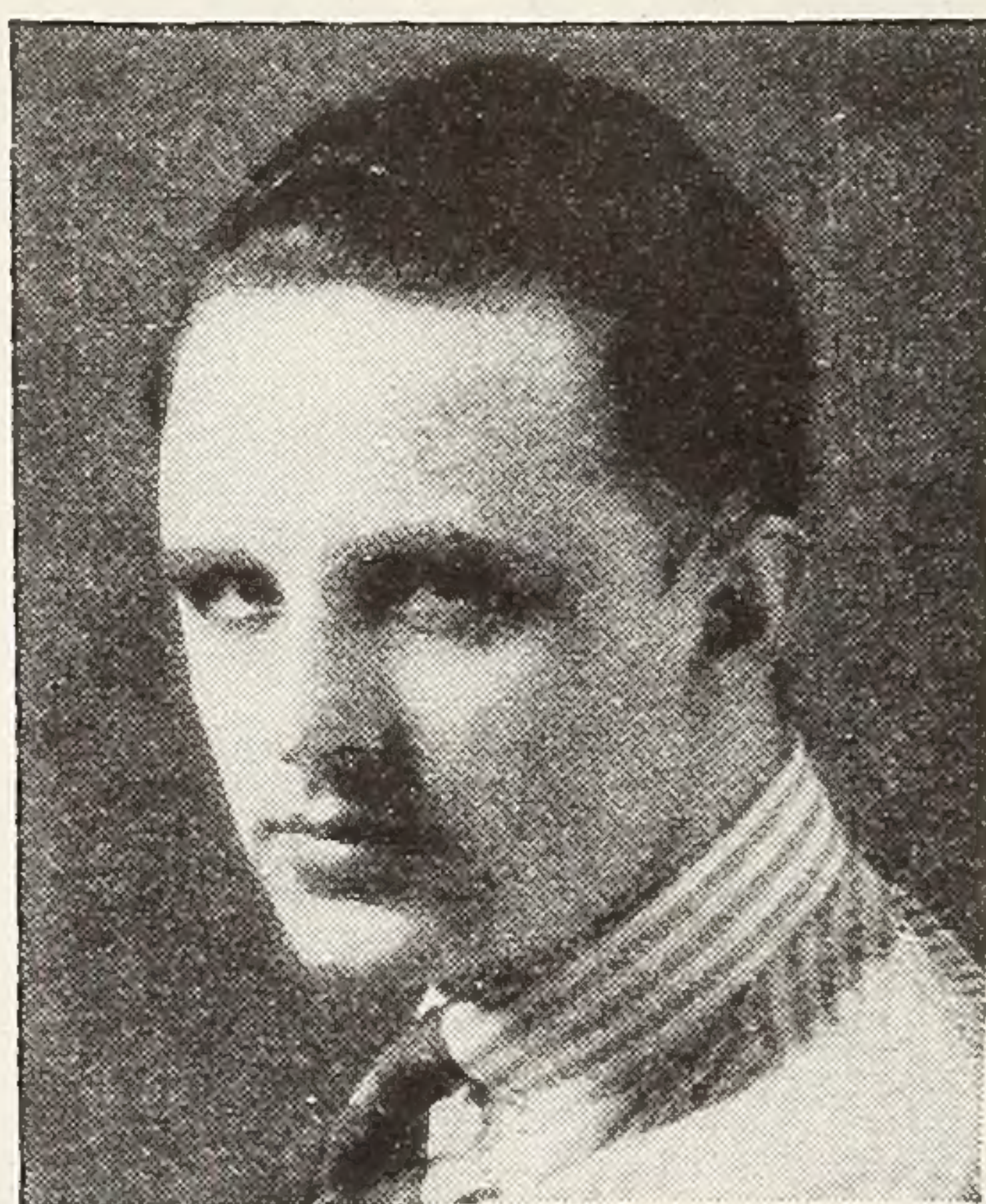
Confessions of the Fans — Continued from page 6

our favorite star. The life seems so different to us back east, and so entertaining. I, for one, don't know what we would do without our movies and our movie books. It is amusing, too, in the letters from fans to see how heated the arguments become over an actor's ability and even over his personality. Ten to one, neither party of the argument has ever laid eyes on the man except in his pictures, but they feel they are well acquainted with him. It is probably not so amusing to him, being picked to pieces, but that is one of the penalties of publicity.

I always read these letters and comments and enjoyed them immensely, but I never felt the urge to write myself until this summer, after seeing "Wings" in New York. My, how we enjoyed that picture—I think I shall always remember the character of David Armstrong. How proud Richard Arlen should be of his work in that role—for he was David. His personality was further impressed on us because when we attended the Paramount Theatre later in the week, he was appearing there with Clara Bow in "Ladies of the Mob." I just couldn't help writing, and to think the magazine should print the first fan letter I'd ever written. Writing letters is rather like a busman's holiday for me, for that is what I do six days of the week, only I am more accustomed to the kind which begin, "Dear Sir, yours of the 10th received." However, I do love to write, so I kept on, and I certainly have been accorded the most courteous treatment in return, not only from your magazine, but from the studio and even Mr. Arlen himself.

Cordially,
ELIZABETH J. WINTER,
13 Westlake Avenue,
Auburn, N. Y.

From a Real Fan



Memories of pleasures experienced in our early youth are always with us. Even after we have reached an older stage, we don't exactly forget the generous uncle who used to slip us a quarter on the sly, when he visited the house. I know I don't—nor do I forget the many pleasures that I had sitting in the moving picture shows. Can I ever forget the thrills, the inspiration, the interest, and the enjoyment that I received in watching William S. Hart? Can I recall the laughter and joyous amusement afforded me by Charles Chaplin, over whom I laughed so much that I cried? Do I remember the sore muscles and bruised body I received in attempting to imitate the stunts of Douglas Fairbanks, who set an example for the kids in the neighborhood? And did I desire to be a fighter as fearless and as invincible as Bill Far-

num? The movies were the biggest influence in my life.

There really is nothing just like them, and certainly nothing that can afford as complete entertainment. Not only is it a marvelous medium—what with the best actors and the most beautiful actresses lending their talents to plots and stories of the leading writers in the world; but it is unconfined—we travel to the many and varied stratas of life in every country in the world. We see peculiar customs and odd styles—and it is indeed a great boon to those like myself that desire to travel, but hesitate, to join the navy just to see the world!

We owe a small debt of thanks to the movies for that essential by-product, the movie magazines. SCREENLAND is in my opinion the leading and most thorough publication in being of service to the movie fan. What can surpass SCREENLAND—especially after you have had a slight argument with your girl friend and you want to be alone with something good to read? Nothing can, I know, for SCREENLAND and I have already spent a few nights together when the world didn't seem just right—and it is a real tonic for depression.

Sincerely,
DIX COLBERT,
4 Kenmore Place,
Albany, N. Y.

A Flapper's Slant



I have been a movie fan ever since I can remember but since the advent of talking pictures—I am even more so. I love 'em and I crave 'em.

I saw "Our Dancing Daughters" with sound. When Joan Crawford did her whoopee dance the music got so hot, I wanted to do my stuff, too.

I thought the whistling scene in "White Shadows in the South Seas" was awfully cute. Had it been a silent picture it wouldn't have had half the kick for me.

Each new talker provides me with a new line. That adorable Davy Lee had me lisping—"Daddy sing that song 'Sonny Boy' for me." Then for the sake of variety I'd alternate it with Al Jolson's—"Wait a minute—wait a minute, I'll sing a thousand songs for you." Lionel Barrymore's menacing "Pacific Oil" kept me busy for a time. But Conrad Nagel's classic—"But darling didn't I see you with my own eyes"—put the skids under me.

I'm for talkers—long may they rave.

Sincerely yours,
MILDRED WOODS,
441 Gregory Avenue,
Weehawken Heights, N. J.



I Shook Like a Leaf When They Called My Name But Now I Can Sway an Audience of Thousands

A FEEBLE burst of applause sounded as I sat down. But I wasn't deceived. I had failed. Here was my chance to put myself over big with the high officials of the company. And I'd messed it up. Why?

I knew that plan as well as my boss (who had been scheduled to explain it but had suddenly been called away). But when I rose to my feet I was nervous as a cat. I groped for the right way to begin. A sea of faces swam before me, and my brain and tongue seemed paralyzed. Instead of explaining it in the logical step by step way, I began in the middle, contradicted myself several times, and left out the most important part.

Then and there I made a resolution. I would get over this habit of stage fright and self-consciousness if it was the last thing I did. And if ever again I got an opportunity like this I would be ready for it.

It was by pure chance that one day about a week later, while thumbing thru a magazine I ran across an advertisement which I had seen many times before. This story described a remarkably easy home study method that developed the natural speaking ability of every man. It told about certain principles that eliminated stage fright, nervousness, and timidity.

I started this twenty minute daily training shortly thereafter. And I was elated at the rapid improvement that was evident to me almost right from the start. Very soon I realized that I was no longer thinking of myself when making an extended address or conferring with business superiors; my thoughts were concentrated on

my subject. I had developed poise, and self-confidence. People began to listen more attentively when I voiced opinions. And when the firm sent me as their delegate and speaker to the annual trade convention, I knew at last that I had wiped out the memory of my previous failure. Also my newly discovered talent has opened up new social gates. I am called upon to address after-dinner banquets and am invited to select social affairs thru my ability to converse fluently.

* * *
Today promotion in business and social popularity are most easily won by the man who can dominate one man or thousands by the sheer power of convincing speech. It is this talent alone that causes one man to jump from a clerkship into the management of a department; a shy, diffident wallflower to become a much-sought after-dinner guest; another from the rank and file of fraternal or political circles to blossom overnight as a powerful, dynamic orator and leader.

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☞ Jeanne Eagles and Monta Bell, reunited as star and supervising director of "The Letter." He directed her in "Man, Woman, and Sin."

Looking Them Over

☞ A Fan's-Eye View of Coming Films.

By Evelyn Ballarine

42 Minutes from Broadway

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FIRST let's all take a deep breath before the New Year and the new crop of pictures come along!

Now, we'll step over to the Paramount studio and see what they have to offer. Ooh! There's Jeanne Eagels! If you'll get into a huddle I'll tell you how Jeanne got her 'letter,' I mean, the femme lead in "The Letter." (Of course, it's a talking picture.) Monta Bell who directed Jeanne in "Man Woman and Sin," is a great admirer of her work, and since she photographs like a million and has a gorgeous voice and since they are making the picture in New York and since he is supervisor of Eastern Productions and since—well, anyway, she got the job! Evelyn Brent was slated to do "The Letter" but it seems that it interfered with "Interference" which she was at work on. Incidentally, there are no extras in "Interference." The cast consists of, besides Evelyn, Clive Brook, Doris Kenyon and William Powell. It is Paramount's first all-dialogue picture.

Maurice Chevalier, Paramount's French importation, looks a little like both Conway Tearle and Edmund Lowe. "The Innocence of Paris" is the title of his first American picture. Chevalier's wonderful talking and singing voice, in English—but with an inimitable accent—will be heard in this production.

That grand guy, George Bancroft's new picture is called "The Wolf of Wall Street," but don't get the idea that it is the story of Little Red Riding Hood.

Large doings at the Metro studios. Imagine! La Garbo's next picture is "Heat."

It'll make you take off your fur coat. For some reason you just can't talk about Greta Garbo without mentioning John Gilbert, so here goes! He is now at work on "Thirst." Mary Nolan has the feminine lead opposite him. Bessie Love and her uke are busily engaged in making "The Broadway Melody," while Joan Crawford is doing a sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." It's called "The Brass Band." Ta-dah!

Over at First National Colleen Moore has finished "Synthetic Sin" from the stage comedy, and is now making "That's A Bad Girl." Colleen promises that this is a permanent title—positively not subject to change. That's a good girl, Colleen! "The Man and the Moment," Elinor Glyn's story, will be Billie Dove's next. Then there's "Hot Stuff," with Alice White. If the picture lives up to the title you'd better reserve your seats now.

At the Fox studios, Janet Gaynor plays a pretty Dutch girl in "Christina." Mary Duncan, the torrid mama of "Four Devils," is in Murnau's "Our Daily Bread." Cut yourself a piece. George O'Brien and Lois Moran are together again in "Blindfold." In it George is a policeman and so's his old man—I mean his father was really the Chief of Police of San Francisco, so Georgie ought to give us an arresting performance. Now, now!

La Marquise Gloria Swanson has started work on "Queen Kelly." It is promised to us any time now but remember that Von Stroheim is directing; and his art is long, and time is fleeting, or something.



WILLIAM FOX *presents*
 A MOVIE TONE ROMANCE IN
 SONG TALK AND DANCE

FORGET ME NOT

with
David Rollins **Nancy Drexel**

Joy to the World!

The beautiful sentiment of Handel's Christmas carol, popular two centuries ago, is still the spirit of Yuletide today.

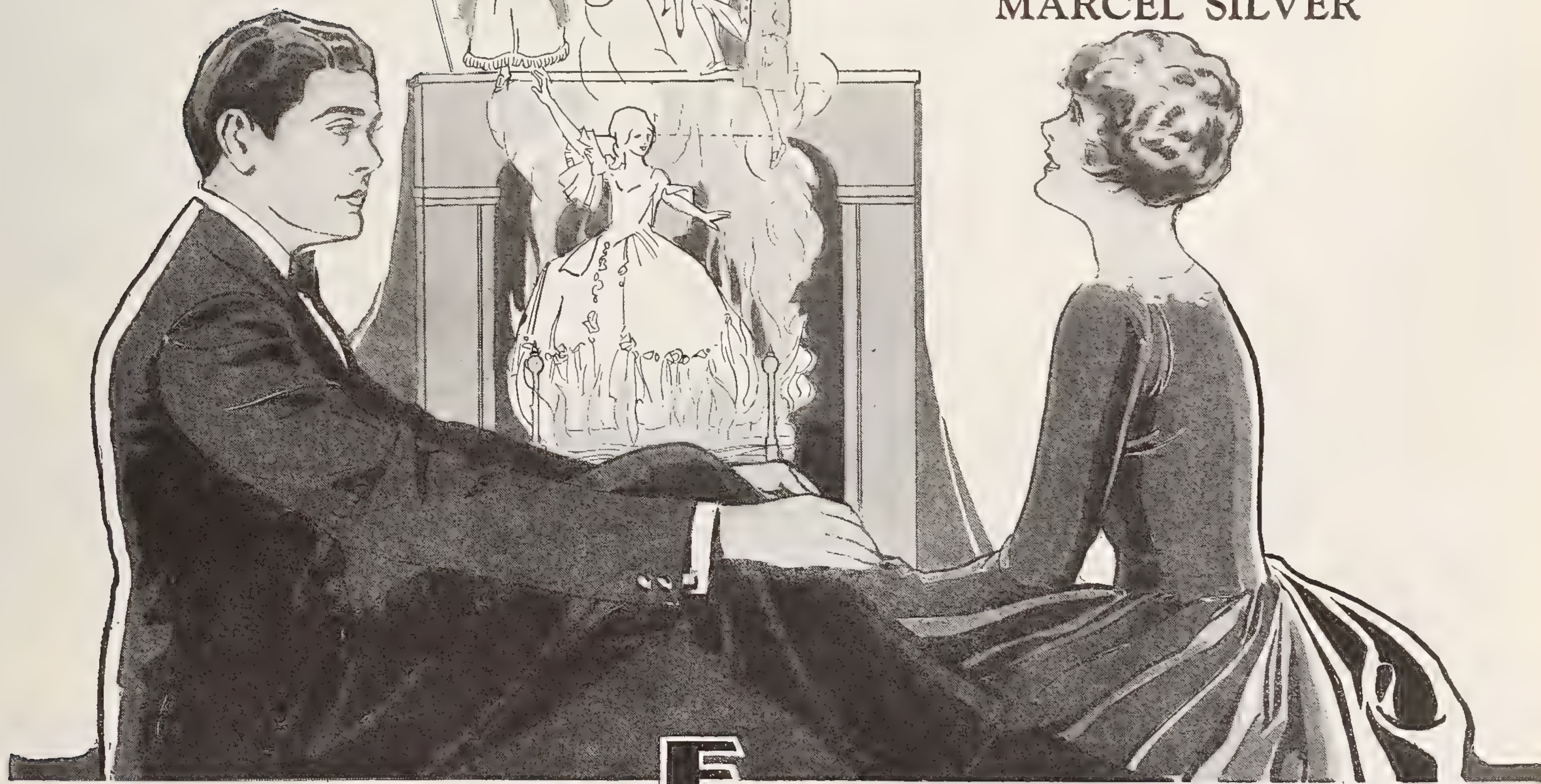
But in this miracle age, we have the newest of Christmas gifts—Fox Movietone Yuletide Entertainment, **FORGET ME NOT**. All in *dialog*! A charming toyshop romance among a toymaker's treasures, which come to life as if by magic.

You hear it all—the voices, the jingle of Christmas bells, the music, ballet dancing.

Young and old will delight in this lavishly produced Holiday Entertainment, presented by William Fox, developer of Movietone.

Story and direction by

MARCEL SILVER



*Another
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SCREENLAND'S

HONOR PAGE

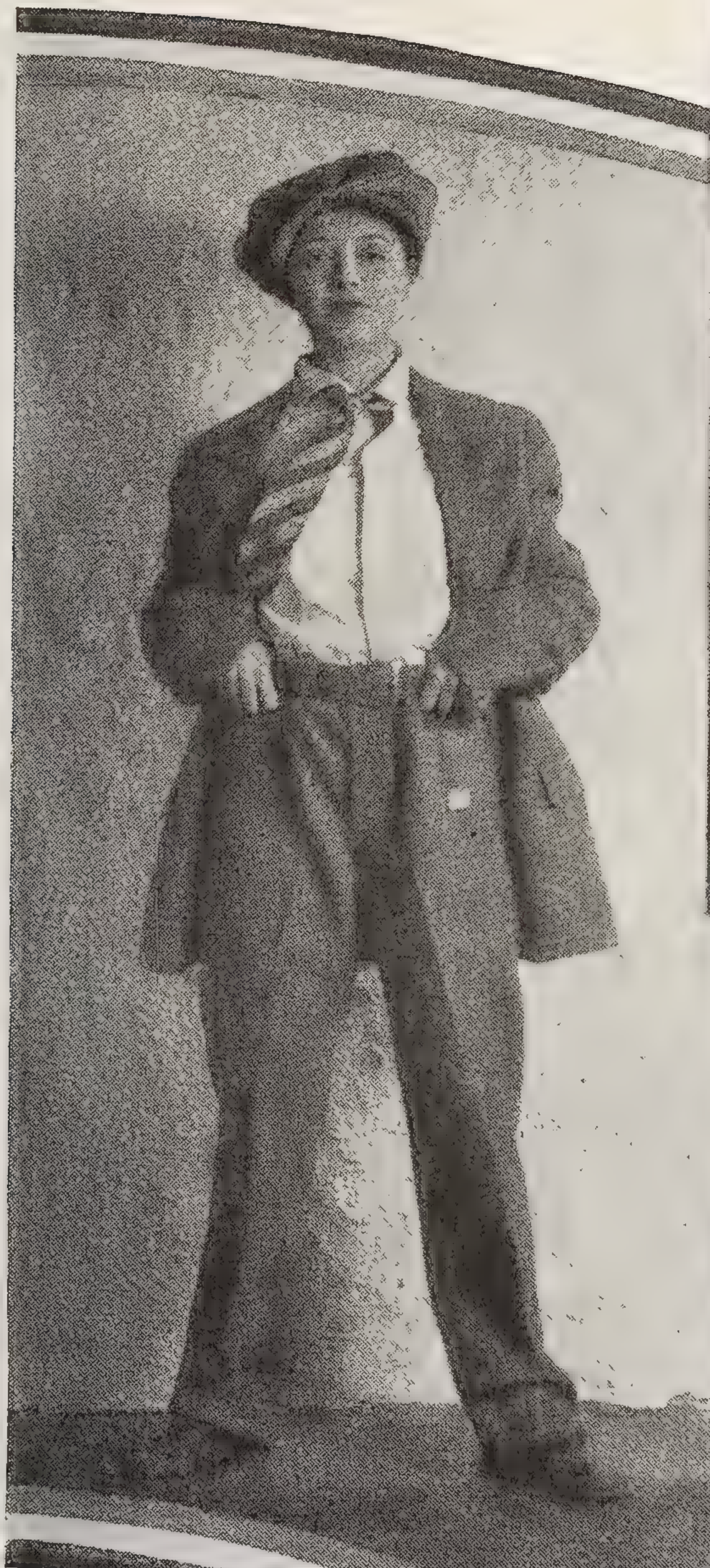
Q Bravo, Janet Gaynor—"Angela Mia!"



Q Janet Gaynor's rainbow of success: reading from the left—with Charlie Farrell in the unforgettable "Seventh Heaven"; with Frank Borzage, her director, and Charlie again; and her pathetic portrayal in "Sunrise."

SHE'S done it again! The little angel from "Seventh Heaven" has come down to earth. Janet Gaynor, as the love-lorn heroine of "Four Devils," has one of the most difficult roles ever assigned any actress. But Janet makes her human. She emerges triumphant, a little angel with both feet on the ground. No—Janet's success was no accident.

January 1929



Janet's happy — why not? She's only twenty-two, and she has an unbroken record of screen successes. Above: in "2 Girls Wanted"; with her mother at home; and in a love scene from "Four Devils" with Charles Morton.

SHE has a wistful charm quite her own. She's little and pretty and puckish. But don't overlook the fact that in Janet Gaynor the motion picture has a real actress. An actress who can play any part—from the tragic wife in "Sunrise" to the romantic girl in "Street Angel." She has earned SCREENLAND's first Honor Page for the new year!

SCREENLAND

January
1929



HAPPY New Year
—with sound accompaniment!

Or if you prefer your pictures silent, put on your ear-muffs; but let's get together.

I've been a Movie Fan ever since I could toddle down town to the 'nickel show.' And now that Santa Claus has made me Editor of SCREENLAND, I'm more of a Movie Fan than ever.

In fact, I've grown up with the movies. I'm a Fan who got the breaks. The difference between me and all the others who go to the movies regularly is that I was lucky: I managed to get inside the studio, meet the stars, and find out what makes the movie wheels go round. I've watched them writing, casting, directing, acting, photographing, cutting, titling, editing, and projecting motion pictures. I know the 'low-down' and the 'high-hat.' And I'm going to pass on what I've learned about movies to you!

You'd think it would be an old story. People say: "Don't you ever get awfully tired of seeing so many movies and interviewing so many stars?" I suppose, being an Editor, I should yawn and agree. But when I recall seeing such fine films as "Seventh Heaven," or "The Patriot," or "The Singing Fool"; when I think of lunching with Janet Gaynor or John Gilbert or Dolores del Rio, I have to be honest and answer 'No' to both questions.

A real Movie Fan can't see too many pictures

or meet too many stars. A real Fan may deplore the fact that the latest picture isn't so good, that a favorite star's technique seems to be slipping a little—but it doesn't make him change his mind about the movies. A real Fan is like a fond mother. No matter what her child may do, she loves it just the same—maybe more.

Other Movie Fans write to me and ask me to tell them what picture studios or stars are really like. I couldn't answer them all—but now I can let SCREENLAND speak for me. I'll try to tell you all I know!

DELIGHT EVANS,
Editor.

Her Page.

I used to write fan letters. Once I wrote to a very talented young actor whom I saw playing a crippled-boy bit. When I met John Gilbert, right after his success in "The Big Parade," when Broadway and Hollywood were ringing with his praises, he said: "You wrote me my first fan letter. I still have it."

They're human. I like them. Actors are people. I knew Mary before she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Bill Hart gave me my last doll. Tommy Meighan warned me never to get 'up-stage.' Lillian Gish taught me to swim. Malcolm St. Clair asked me if I'd like to work in his picture. (I may take him up on that yet!) It's all been fun. And I'm still curious—still fascinated by this amazing business of motion pictures.

It's no longer the step-child of the arts, as it used to be when I first went to the movies. It's grown up. Not only the real Movie Fans, but other audiences, who used to sneer, now never miss a good movie. In fact, they say that 25,000,000 go to the movies every day. 25,000,000 people can't be wrong. Let's get together every month in SCREENLAND.



☞ Above: Lovely Dita Parlo, nineteen-year-old German actress, now playing in Chevalier's first American film. Eddie Quillan is Pathe's rising young comedian.

☞ Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, is a brand-new juvenile. Little Agnes Franey came from the chorus to grace the films. They're both candidates for glory in 1929.

New Faces

for the
**NEW
YEAR**



☞ Above: Dorothy Janis. Dorothy put the Indian sign on her audiences as Tim McCoy's leading lady.

☞ Left: No, not Peggy Hopkins Joyce, but blonde and blue-eyed Virginia Cherrill, the twenty-year-old Chicago society girl and chum of Sue Carol. Virginia plays opposite Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights," his latest.

☞ Right: Robert Castle.





Constructed by Forest A. McGinn

Here's Hollywood! A composite picture of the most mysterious and romantic city in the world: city of dead dreams and living hopes—and lots of whoopee!

Mysteries of Hollywood

by Rob Wagner

HOLLYWOOD is the Mystery City. Few really know it as Rob Wagner knows it. He was production associate of Chaplin and Will Rogers. He is the official chronicler of the cinema for the *Saturday Evening Post* and SCREENLAND. In a series of articles he will solve for you some of the mysteries of movieland. This, the first, explains the most hated man in Hollywood: The Supervisor.

WE were dining with the 'Foreign Legion' at a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. The table was set for sixteen. One place was vacant. The hostess, speaking charmingly in broken English, explained, "M'sieur So-and-so," (mentioning the name of a tall, handsome Frenchman), "is ill. He cannot come."

A smile passed around the table. Ill, indeed! An hour before he was exceedingly well. Capt. Hagar was sent to investigate. The result was as expected. The naughty Frenchman's car was parked outside a certain lady's house. And he a married man!

These light-hearted foreigners! What trouble they'll take to make a joke! Hans Kraley suggested we send Capt. Hagar back with our cards to stick in the steering wheel of the deceiver's automobile, so as to let him know we were aware of his guilt. Paul Leni suggested we add insulting epithets to our cards. Good! Thus the pasteboards bore such legends as 'Traitor!' 'Home-wrecker!' etc. A French actor, conjuring up his most damning national insult, wrote, 'Big potato!' while an innocent Hungarian ascribed canine ancestry to the delinquent. At last Ernst Lubitsch was inspired to the sublime insult. He wrote on his card the one terrible word—'Supervisor!'

Nor does this episode stand alone in proclaiming the low esteem in which this curious individual, the supervisor, is held. There are two other classic definitions of him current in Hollywood. One is: 'A supervisor is a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it!' The other goes: 'A supervisor is a man appointed to keep the directors from making artistic pictures.'

Who then is this mysterious creature that calls forth such brick-bats?

Like the undertaker he was born of necessity.

Let us go back a bit and explain his birth.

The director has always been the back-bone of the cinema. For the cinema is primarily a picture and the director is the painter, the silver-screen his palette, and the actors his paints. Naturally he does better with fine paints, but whether his actors are hams or Hamlets he alone is responsible. He rises or falls upon the success or failure of the result.

Nor is there any formula for directorial success. An illiterate may equal a Herbert Brenon, for reasons I cannot go into here. Certain direc-

tors, like Fitzmaurice and Tourneur, excel pictorially; others like William De Mille are masters of story construction; still others, like Griffith and Mickey Neilan, are weak in story construction but masters of incidental business. One and all know 'entertainment value' and are 'box-office.' Therefore the successful director is the most powerful functionary in picture-making.

But many of our directors, though artistically valuable, are otherwise incompetent. And power in the hands of incompetents is a dangerous thing. There was little trouble while pictures cost only five thousand dollars and the director was often the writer and cameraman as well, but when picture-making became a highly social product requiring many minds, and production costs mounted into millions, trouble began. Many directors, grown drunk on power, became arrogant with their co-workers and simply went 'hay-wire' with so much money; and the poor producer, who himself used to supervise expenditures when he had but two or three companies working, became utterly incapable of watching the costs of ten or twelve temperamental spendthrifts.

Enter Jesse Lasky with a nifty idea. He divided his twelve companies into four units of three companies each, and over each unit he placed a new administrator whose function it was to arrange schedules, attend business details, keep harmony within the unit and, above all, to supervise costs.

Thus was born the Supervisor.

Fine! But—! Again the danger of power! Supervisors not only began to curb riotous expenditures of 'crazy' writers and 'damnfool' directors, but they horned in on the story and even attempted to tell the director how to shoot his stuff. Fireworks! What does a businessman know about story construction? And why should a \$500 a week 'dub' sit in artistic judgment over a \$2000 a week director? If he is so darned smart why isn't he directing and drawing the big wage? A director could respect his producer, howsoever inartistic, for, after all, he was paying the piper. But these upstarts! Who were they to tell writers, costumers, technical experts and directors where to get off? Hounds! Dogs! Skunks! Big Potatoes! Yes—Supervisors!

The final blow came when famous directors began to see their immortal works upon the screen 'Supervised by Emil Gatz.' (Cont. on page 94)

"A supervisor," says Hollywood, "is a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it!"

How Real are those

Q *Would You Mind If Your Sweetheart Earned a Living Making Love to Others?*



Q *It looks as if Clara Bow is getting her man again, but Richard Arlen is only acting. Upper right: Arlen vamps a little lady, Nancy Carroll — all in the day's work.*



IF Jobyna Ralston were really disposed to be jealous of her husband, Richard Arlen, she would be miserable at all times, for Dick has made screen love to Clara Bow, Mary Brian, Nancy Carroll, Bebe Daniels and many others.

But Jobyna believes in Dick and is willing to rely on his affection for her. There are times, of course, when he seems a trifle more fervid than is really necessary, and a little twinge of something enters her heart.

"It isn't jealousy," say Joby, "it's just that I dislike to see Dick's valuable kisses wasted. You see, I happen to know that he is a wonderful lover and it is not because I see him caressing some one else as a matter of business that I envy the fortunate girl! I've never had to complain about his love making at home and I would never be willing to stand in his way towards success.

"There is no real reaction, so far as I am concerned, from these love scenes. To me they are only make-believe. I do not believe Dick has any reaction either. If he does it never comes out in his relations to me. Should I see him too familiar with a girl away from the studio I might seriously object, but so long as he confines his kisses to the screen where they may be seen by all I only hope he makes them seem real. And then, there are the characters of Mary Brian and Nancy Carroll to be considered. I know these girls, too, and believe their reaction is much the same as mine when I play opposite a handsome man. To me his kisses mean nothing but make-believe. I do not even think they all kiss exceedingly well. There is a lack of ardor in these screen portrayals that is never found in real life.

"You see, there is a lot of difference between the



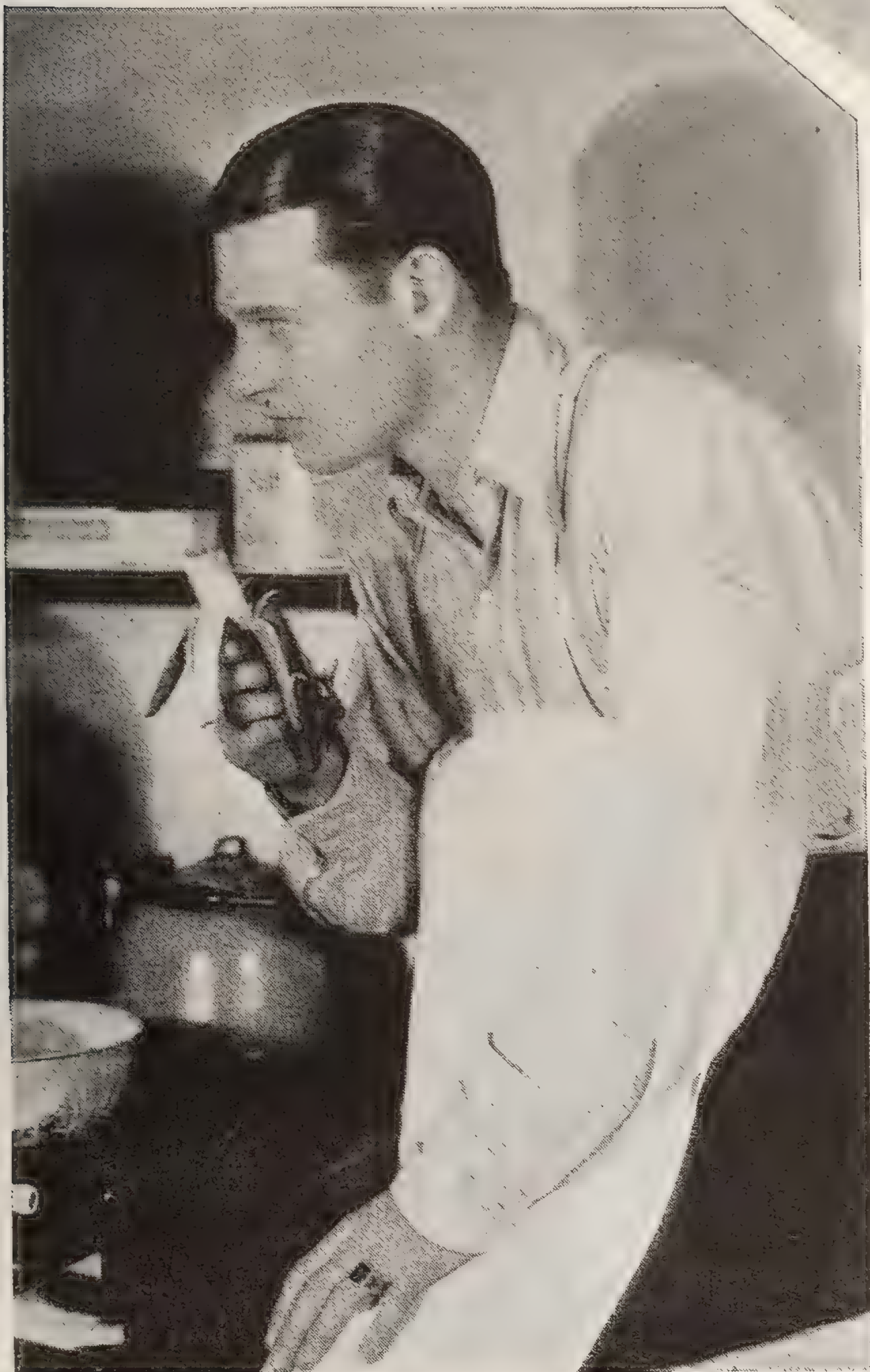
Q *Richard Arlen loves Jobyna Ralston and his celluloid love affairs after working when she*

Love Scenes?

¶ *Richard Arlen Does It Every Day. Read What Mrs. Arlen Thinks.*



¶ *Lilyan Tashman's tempting technique fails to register with Mr. Arlen, actor. Left: he only pretends to fall a victim to Mary Brian's girlish wiles. He's a working man!*



domesticity too much to give a thought to hours. He even helps around the house asks him to!

familiarity of the screen and private life. One learns to take things as they are in pictures and there is no Dame Grundy to scatter little seeds of discord. I much prefer having Dick all to myself but that is impossible if he is to remain a star. I would be very ungrateful to him if I even intimated he should be less emphatic in a scene. If I never have real cause for jealousy, Dick will have no reason to think my heart is hurt by his screen attentions to other actresses.

"Repetition makes common," says Jobyna. She then explains that the first time she saw her husband kiss an actress in front of the camera, she was struck by a terrific pang of jealousy. "As I saw Dick kiss her, it suddenly dawned on me that this being the wife of a screen star might not be so pleasant. He is offered too many temptations.

"In any other walk of life, it is difficult for a man to find out whether he would enjoy the kisses of other women because he hardly dares kiss other women. But on the screen it is a part of his business.

"Of course, experience has taught me that screen kisses are not so real as they sometimes look. They *are* real, too, I suppose; but only temporarily. Dick has told me that he has a mild flirtation with each picture. I know that I do, too. But that must be to make the thing alive. Imagine two people not liking each other, trying to make a love scene realistic. It couldn't be done; not well, at any rate.

"So I take this screen loving as a matter of course. Kisses aren't all important in life. They aren't important at all, as a matter of fact. They are only a luxury; a wonderful luxury in which we all should indulge and so few of us do. The realization that they are not really *meant* takes away the sting of them."



Here's how they made the court-room scenes for "On Trial," in sound. See the sound-proof camera booths at left and right, and note the microphone over the head of Pauline Frederick on the witness stand.



Director Sam Wood prompts Norma Shearer and Johnny Mack Brown in rehearsals for the speaking sequences of "A Woman of Chance."

Everyone is asking how Sound Pictures are made. Here's Screenland's Answer.

Sound *Appeal*

By Rosa Reilly

A SHOT cut through the still tropic night. Then one staccato groan. Again more shots. Midnight silence draped the porch of the Singapore bungalow. A man, riddled with bullets, fell to the floor. Over him a woman crouched, a smoking gun in her hand.

Servants, aroused by the gunfire, scuttled in from their quarters in the kampong. A neighbor dashed up the steps of the porch: "In God's name," he shouted, "what's all this?"

"He—he attacked me," the woman lied, "and I killed him."

A crash broke the tense atmosphere—the sound of delicate wood breaking on a concrete floor. An elderly Chinaman, very short, very rotund, shuffled on the scene, the picture of misery: “Me velly solly, Mist’ Muir. Me dropee yampun. Velly, velly solly.”

The murdered man on the floor rolled over and laughed. Jeanne Eagels, the smoking gun still in her hand, smiled nervously. Jean de Limur, the handsome French director, threw out his hands in despair.

The scene was the sound-proof stage of Paramount’s Long Island Studio. De Limur was directing the murder sequence of the new talking picture taken from Somerset Maugham’s play, “The Letter,” when one of the Chinese musicians—nicknamed Peach Blossom by the mechanics standing outside the set, accidentally dropped his Chinese guitar and splintered it on the concrete floor. The resulting crash cutting in on the murder scene ruined the sound sequence.

“It is all right this time, Peach Blossom,” de Limur said to the stricken Chinaman, “but you mus’ be more careful. There mus’ be absolute silence for these soun’ pictures.” Turning to Jeanne Eagels, the star, he continued, “I am so verree sorry. I ’ate to keep you ’ere so late but we mus’ do this scene again. I ’ope you don’ mind, Mr. Marshall,” he was speaking now to Herbert Marshall who plays the role of the murdered lover. Then addressing the entire assembly—actors, musicians, mechanics, electricians, camera men, clerks—he said: “We mus’ ’urry. Mr. Marshall ’as to leave for the t’eatre in ten minutes.”

Visualize this setting if you can. The setting which is housing one of the romances of the twentieth century—the talking picture:

The huge stage, with padded walls, padded ceilings, and doors of double thickness covered all around with felt to render the set, as far as humanly possible, sound proof.

Great incandescent lights glaring into the eyes of Jeanne Eagels who stands, high-strung and nervous, like a race horse at the barrier waiting for the webbing to go up.

Herbert Marshall, borrowed from the legitimate stage where he is playing in “The High Road,” leans with apparent nonchalance against a huge G. E. light. But his fingers betray him. They tremble as he lights his cigarette. On the stage he has made a name for himself but this talking picture business is all new. What will it mean to him if he goes over—goes over big?

Jean de Limur, a striking-looking man of perhaps thirty-five, his brown hair broadly streaked with gray, sits on his camp chair, conscious of everything, impatient of nothing. Around his neck is a telephone transmitter into which he talks when he wants to communicate with the camera men in the action camera booth or the sound camera booth. Both cameras have been placed in glass booths so that the noise of their grinding will not penetrate into the sound picture.

Masked in the middle of the set by a bit of drapery, is the microphone which carries the sound of the players’ voices to the sound camera booth stationed some distance

away.

Carpenters put last minute touches to the bungalow which is completely furnished even down to cups and saucers on the shelves. Electricians mount their lights.

“On your spots, boys, on your spots,” yells the Chief Electrician to his assistants.

“Stand a bit to your left, please Miss Eagels,” de Limur says quietly. “And don’ raise your ’ead too ’igh at the climax. About ’ere.” He pointed to a mark on the wall. “All ready?” he asked into the telephone transmitter. “O.K.,” came the answer from the camera booth.

A red light flashed signifying that the machinery of both cameras was set for action. “Quiet, please,” says de Limur, “Absolute quiet.”

After counting ten very slowly—the timing agreed upon—de Limur presses a button to start the recording machinery, beckons Miss Eagels to begin, and once more a shot cut through the still tropic night. Then one staccato groan. Again more shots. . . . This time the sound sequence is completed without the crash of Peach



Alan Hale in the rescuing scene from “Sal of Singapore.” Benjamin Glazer, the director, waggles a warning finger. No talking on sound proof stages.

Blossom’s guitar, and one of the most dramatic scenes from “The Letter” has been permanently and successfully recorded for all the world to hear and see.

Jeanne Eagels snatches her wrap from her maid, steps into her big limousine and rolls over the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge to star-lit New York to keep a vaudeville engagement. To make better time, Herbert Marshall jumps into the subway. Electricians, mechanics, carpenters pour towards the elevated and the street car. The great Long Island studio is almost deserted. Only Jean de Limur remains behind. Wiping his forehead with his colored handkerchief, he seats himself again on his folding chair and looks across the vacant building.

“What’s the matter, Mr. de Limur?” I asked. “Aren’t you satisfied with today’s work?”

“Oh yes, I am quite satisfy,” he answered, “but nobody knows w’ere we are in this business. We all are working in the dark. It makes it verree, verree ’ard. These new talking pictures, they are like that animal that you call the Ass—they are like an Ass with (Continued on page 96)

Before they sailed from foreign shores

☞ The Emil Jannings of Europe looked like this. Now glance across the page to the new Emil who is sehr glücklich in American movies.

From Paris, Berlin, Budapest and Stockholm They Came — All For Art!

☞ Lily Damita, the toast of Paris, becomes the rage of these Delighted States after a few deft touches that you can't learn even in Paris.

☞ Greta Garbo left Sweden in this snappy Swedish creation—

and After *they made good in Hollywood!*

☞ Would you ever believe that the alluring beauty to the left, center, was once the demure Vilma Banky of Budapest, across the page?

And then Hollywood Took Them in Hand. See the Results!

☞ Lya de Putti had Variety before. But now she has added charm, having gathered helpful hints from the Hollywood experts.

☞ And the same Greta became the screen's smartest in America.

In New York

By
Anne Bye



☞ Billy Haines was met at the Grand Central Station by his sister. Yes, she is, too!

NEW YORK knows the movie stars better than Hollywood itself.

Believe it or not—I know what I'm talking about! These screen celebrities can be themselves in the Big City. Out in California, they are watched and pointed at and whispered about. But in Manhattan they are not so important. There are other people in our town—bankers, and writers, and artists, and

cynics. New Yorkers go about their usual business whether there are famous screen stars in their midst or not. For instance, one afternoon I walked up Broadway for a block with Marion Davies—and nobody even looked our way. And a week later I watched Mary Pickford—herself, in person, not a movie—stroll up the white way unobserved and unmobbed. It's that way here. You can tell more about a screen star's private life by watching her for five minutes in New York than you can spending the day with her in her home town of Hollywood.

You heard me—Marion Davies. And Mary Pickford. The two leading lights of Hollywood. The queens of cinema society—the two most admired and envied and applauded and feted and fawned-on of all the lovely movie ladies. Mary is perhaps the more impressive of the two, by virtue of her long reign as America's Sweetheart and her much-talked-of aloofness in the film capitol. But Marion is a close second: she's Hollywood's most popular hostess. It is just about as important to be invited to one of Miss Davies' elaborate parties as it is to be one of the fortunate guests at 'Pickfair.' And in New York they are just two nice girls.

Mary's visits eastward are so few and far between, we'd better consider her first, so she'll come more often. She stayed only four or five days—and she came on some legal business which doesn't interest us. But it was our first glimpse of the brand-

new Mary Pickford. And I want to assure you she is a new Mary! It isn't just the new bob, though that may have something to do with it. It's more than that. Mary Pickford is another Mary from the one you used to know. She is a woman of the world now. She has tasted every good thing that life has to offer. Naturally she is different from the rather wistful quiet Mary I met years ago. She's much prettier than she used to be. She has learned how to dress—smartly, subtly. She has dropped all her Pickfordisms—she is a girl



☞ Lovely Marion Davies came back from Europe.

¶ When Hard Workers from Hollywood Come East to Play.

absolutely devoid of pretense or pose. The one thing unchanged about Mary is her pathos. She is still wistful. She still has that questing look—that tremulous, hurt expression of a little girl who has grown up suddenly and somehow missed all the fun she should have had. In a woman of Mary Pickford's experience, success, and importance, it is a fascinating quality. It piques the imagination. It makes you wonder if, after all, Mary Pickford is really happy.

There she sat. She and Douglas Fairbanks, this trip, re-visited the Algonquin, that little hotel on West 44th Street, owned by their friend Frank Case, where they used to stay before they were quite as famous as they are now. That alone was a departure for these two. They have stopped at the Ritz in recent years. This time—was it only my imagination, or was Mary perhaps trying to recapture some of



¶ A commonplace Pullman becomes a royal coach when Mary and Doug travel on it.



¶ Jane Winton. She liked New York so well she didn't want to leave, even to start a new picture.

the glamour of old familiar scenes?

"I'm so tired!" she said, with a weary little smile. Her left hand—with its little diamond circlet and its enormous square diamond ring—tugged at her smart gray hat topping the bright gold hair. "I've been dashing since nine this morning. I'll be so glad to get on the train going back home. Then I can rest."

"We saw 'Rosalie' this afternoon." Marilynn Miller, who used to be married to Mary's brother, Jack, is the star of that show. "And tonight we see the 'Vanities.' And I have such a headache!"

"Why don't you stay away from the 'Vanities' and rest?" I asked her.

That weary look came back. "Oh——" she said, "we have made our plans, and Douglas wouldn't go without me——"

Celebrities can't rest. Not while they're in New York! The life of a movie star, especially on a trip east, is a tread-mill. They can't stop even when they want to.

"I'm wild about doing 'Coquette,'" she said. "It will be the biggest thing I have ever done, I think, since 'Stella Maris.'"

(Cont. on page 98)

The GARBO GIRL SWAYS THE MODE

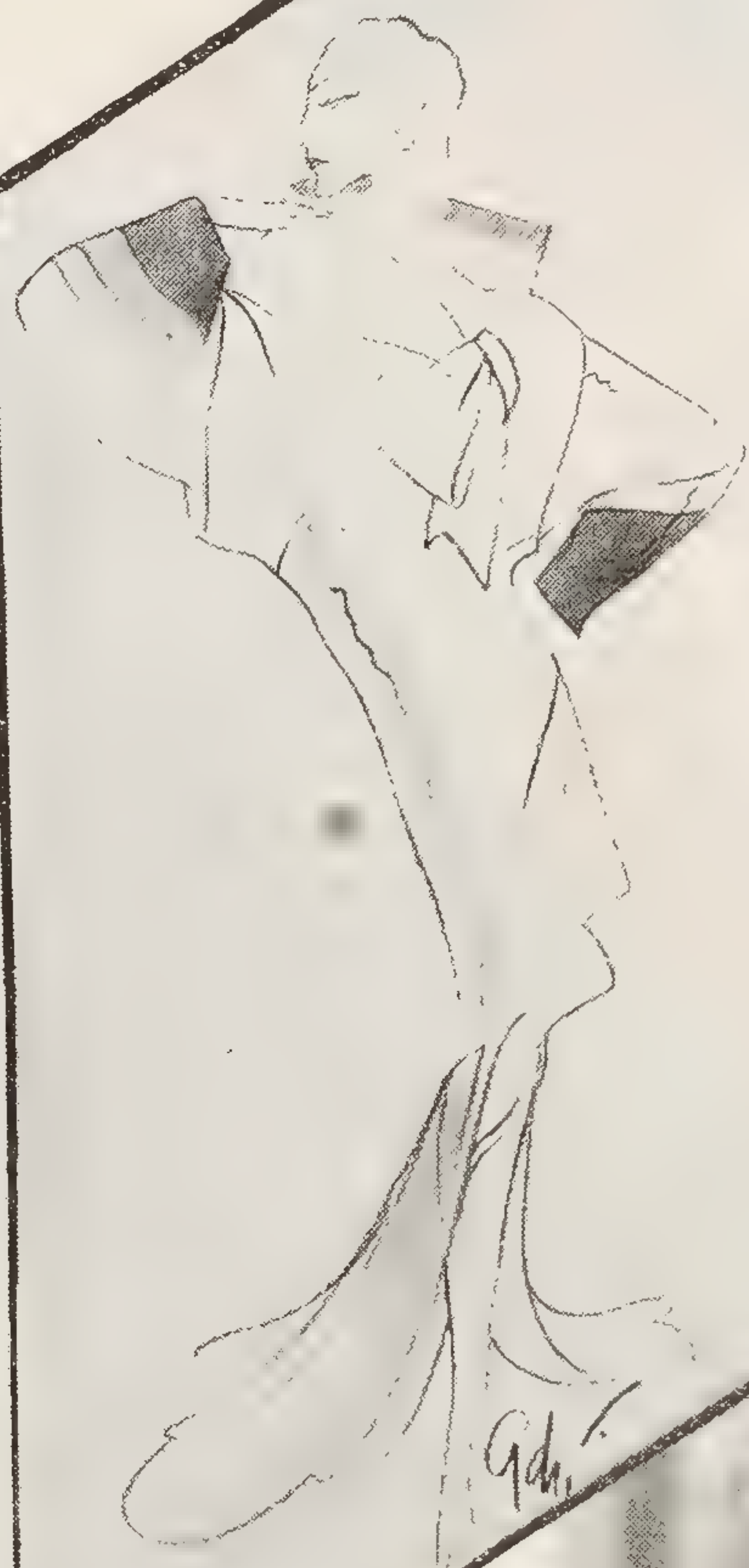
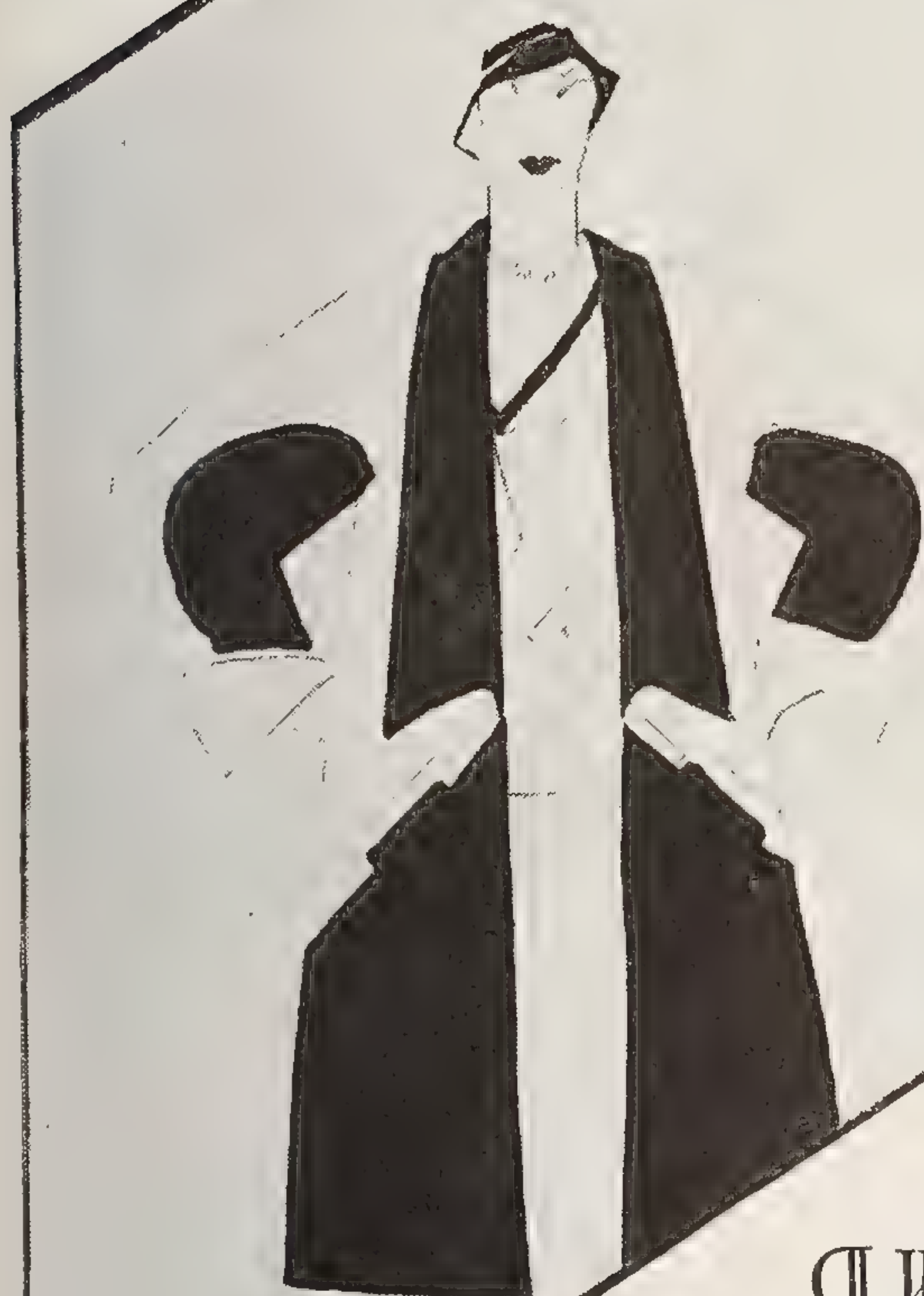
Garbo wearing the plaid-colored sports coat designed for her by Adrian.

Gilbert Adrian, famous fashion designer, has been secured by SCREENLAND as special fashion advisor. Adrian originates modes. He understands clothes—and women! Read what he has to say about the 'Garbo Girl.' He will be glad to help SCREENLAND's feminine readers with their own clothes problems. Designer for Garbo, Aileen Pringle, Norma Shearer, and many other smart stars, his costumes are admired by women everywhere. Adrian will discuss the different types of femininity in this Magazine from month to month, emphasizing the correct costumes for each type. He will also answer any questions you may care to ask concerning clothes. Address Adrian, care SCREENLAND's Fashion Department.



Gilbert Adrian has designed a group of gowns and coats to suggest to SCREENLAND readers the meaning of the Garbo mode. They are original creations, and the drawings are also by Adrian. From left to right, up the style strip: a daring evening wrap of the sort that only the Garbo Girl can wear; an afternoon frock of satin; a smart formal frock of black chiffon, with snug hipline and long dripping lines; a striking street coat; an evening ensemble; and a sports coat created for Garbo for "A Woman of Affairs," which Greta is wearing in the photograph on this page.

¶ There is a New Style Trend Inspired by the Graceful Garbo. Can Every Woman Follow?



¶ What the 'Garbo Girl' Should Wear

By Gilbert Adrian

WOMEN who feel that they have a resemblance to Greta Garbo must be particularly careful in following her style of dressing to adapt that particular style to the role that they themselves play in life, because Miss Garbo plays such a varied assortment of women and types of women that she can take liberties that the average woman who simply looks like her cannot always take.

In following Miss Garbo, one realizes that simplicity is the key-note to her smartness, as it should be with all women of taste. Her natural aloofness and the manner of her bearing make it possible for her to put meaning into simple clothes. The girl who feels she is the Garbo type should be truthful with herself and analyze her nature to find out whether the appearance is only skin-deep or if her mental qualities and her manner can carry, with the same dignity and charm, the simplicity that Garbo knows how to handle.

Garbo's flair for and understanding of drama is coupled closely with the clothes she wears—in other words, she knows how to handle, without being clothes-conscious, the most con-



¶ Adrian and Garbo in a fashion conference for the benefit of SCREENLAND readers.

scious kind of clothes. That is an art. Therefore, remember, when you are following Garbo, that you are taking dynamite sticks into your own hands. You can be blown into the realms of the ridiculous by lack of knowledge as to how to handle the things you most admire. But if you are clever enough to bring the dramatic in clothes into the more-or-less ordinary circumstances of life, you can copy Garbo. If not—let her

(Continued on page 90)

LAURA LA PLANTE OFFERS *A Corona Typewriter* FREE FOR THE BEST LETTER

¶ *The Question You Must Answer: Are Costume Pictures More, or Less Romantic than Modern Films? Why Do You Think So?*



¶ Laura La Plante has just finished playing MAGNOLIA in "Show Boat," from Edna Ferber's famous novel—a romantic role in a costume drama. That's why Laura wants your opinion as to the romantic appeal of costume pictures.

☞ The writer of the best letter answering Laura La Plante's question—that is, the cleverest and the clearest letter—will receive a Corona portable typewriter complete with carrying case.

☞ Laura La Plante, below, as the famous artist, James Montgomery Flagg, sees her.



☞ Laura answering a fan letter on her own Corona. She hopes the fan who wins her gift Corona typewriter will write the first letter to her, at Universal City, California.



LAURA LA PLANTE is a friendly girl. You can tell that to look at her. And because she is genuinely friendly she likes to write letters and loves to receive them. She really reads her fan mail—and answers it. And her portable Corona typewriter even goes with her on location. The other day when she was reading a typewritten fan letter, she said: "I wish all the nice letters I receive were typewritten—it makes them so much easier to read." And then she had the idea: why not offer a fan friend a Corona, just like her own, through SCREENLAND? A Corona portable is not only useful, but attractive. It is an ideal gift for the boy or girl with literary aspirations, the college student, the school teacher, the grandmother who wishes to copy prized recipes—in fact, just about everybody! Laura would like the winner to have a Corona in her own favorite shade—blue; but if the winner doesn't like blue, then green, scarlet, and maroon are the other colors in which the typewriter is available. Mention your preference. Answer Laura's question in your best style. The winner will receive the Corona.

Address:—LAURA LA PLANTE
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th St., New York City
Contest closes January 10, 1929



☞ The Mayfair Club dinner dances are social events in the film colony. Find George Lewis, Nancy Drexel, Maria Corda, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Olive Borden, Evelyn Brent, Lilyan Tashman, Jean Hersholt, Louise Brooks,

Stepping Out

By Grace Kingsley

"THE Mayfair is making whoopee tonight," Vernon Rickard and Cornelius Keefe telephoned to Patsy and me, "and we want you to go with us."

We don't have to tell you our answer, I hope.

Nobody of course was dancing much, that first dance, because everybody was busy saying hello to everybody else, it being the first Mayfair dance of the season, given in the beautiful ballroom of the Biltmore.

"And almost everybody," Vernon remarked, "is related to everybody else by marriage!"

If Vernon weren't handsome and possessed of a voice to match, he would be a comedian, instead of acting and

singing in Warner pictures and over the radio.

As for his remark, to be sure there were a lot of ex's present. Louise Brooks was with Buster Collier and a big party, while Eddie Sutherland, whom Louise so lately shed as a husband, was with May McAvoy's party, and May herself is engaged to Maurice Cleary, who had brought her, while once on a time she was engaged to Eddie Sutherland. Which does sound complicated, doesn't it?

Then there were Claire Windsor, who came with that tall, handsome John Loder, and Bert Lytell, to whom she used to be married, but who had brought Phyllis Haver,



your favorites: Corinne Griffith, Patsy Ruth Miller, Betsy Lee, Claire Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hale, Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Lupe Velez, Laura La Plante, Lois Moran, Belle Bennett, Dorothy Sebastian—well, everybody!

with the Stars

¶ No Hollywood party is complete without Grace Kingsley. Let her take you along!

to whom he is much devoted; and there was Helene Chadwick, who used to be married to William Wellman, but who came with a large party of friends, while Wellman brought his wife.

Sally Eilers was there with her latest fiance, William Hawks, while Matty Kemp, to whom she was engaged a few short weeks ago, brought beautiful Sharon Lynn.

Clarence Brown, the director, brought Dorothy Sebastian, his fiance, while Ona Brown came with her wealthy and charming husband-to-be, Harvey Barnes.

Mrs. Irene Day was to have been hostess at our party, but she had to take Alice to New York, for some picture

work, while Marceline Day couldn't come because her fiance, Richard Dix, was ill. So Ona Brown presided charmingly.

"Well, not everybody has changed partners," remarked Patsy, "there are George O'Brien and Olive Borden. But I haven't seen Bebe Daniels and Jack Pickford dancing once, though they used to be such great friends. Bebe is with Gary Cooper, and he seems very devoted."

There were also Wesley Ruggles with Katherine Crawford, to whom he is said to be engaged; and Sally Blane and Arthur Lake; Reginald Barker was all attention to a pretty, vampish sort of girl; and there were Bessie Love

and Eddie Foy, Jr., who is giving Bess quite a rush these days; and Bryant Washburn was with Virginia Southern. Of course Ben Bard and Ruth Roland were together. Tom Mix had brought Lupe Velez in his party, I believe. At any rate he was dancing with her a lot.

"It seems to me we see Madeline Hurlock about twice a year," remarked Connie Keefe, "that's when she goes to the around-Christmas-time parties which Mack Sennett gives, and at the first Mayfair of the year. She's with Wilbur May, the wealthy department store owner, you know—tonight."

Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day came all by themselves. Molly lately had undergone an awful operation, having some of the 'too, too solid flesh' actually cut away from her limbs. She looks very lovely, but says that the operation was a strenuous one. However, one doesn't have to undergo it but once.

"I suppose that after a while," remarked Patsy, "we'll all go to get a permanent thin, just as now we go to get a permanent wave."

Reginald Denny brought his cute little fiance, Bubbles Steiffel; Lina Basquette came with Peverell Marley; William deMille brought his bride, Clara Beranger, the scenario writer; and there were Jackie Saunders, who used to be a star, with her husband, J. Ward Cohen; Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett; George Lewis and his wife; Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco; Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead; Leila Hyams, Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery, Lupino Lane and his wife, Clyde Cook and Mrs. Cook, Nancy Drexel, June Collyer, Jack and Irma Warner, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Lois Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thompson, John Boles and his wife, Jack Conway and his wife, Robert Edeson and Mrs. Edeson, Antonio Moreno and his wife, Camilla Horn, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Belle Bennett and Fred Windermere, Leatrice Joy, and just dozens of others.

Texas Guinan came very late with a young dancer from the east whose name we didn't learn, but whom she introduced later, and who turned out to be one of the niftiest little solo step-pers we have seen in the west.

Tex introduced him as the 'best dancer in the east'—which was tactful, inasmuch as the west thinks it has all the dancers cornered.

After his performance, Mike Levee's sectional pride was aroused to such an extent that he trotted Johnny Hines out to show what the west can do in

the way of dancers of the Black Bottom, buck-and-wing, etc., and Johnny did the wild-and-wooly proud.

Mike Levee was the master of ceremonies. He got up right after dinner and declared that, as there was to be some other entertainment, and as it appeared to be hard to keep the crowd quiet, he suggested the use of 'social silencers.'

Of course these turned out to be all-day suckers, and the rubber-faced Joe Brown arose to demonstrate. He said, though, that his sucker was an old 1914 model, or anyway that's the way it tasted, but in any event we got the idea. Everybody was supplied with the sticky candy.

Gus Edwards was dug out from his party and made to come out and play the piano while he sang 'School Days,' and everybody was permitted to let loose of his social silencer long enough to join in the chorus.

Then Levee announced there would be a dancing contest with a wonderful prize. This he unwrapped from its elaborately decorated box. It turned out to be a rubber hot-water bag decorated with a design in brilliants! "A diamond-studded hot-water bag" was the way Mike put it. That was good for a howl from the mob.

The contest finally narrowed down to four couples, including Lupino Lane and Leila Hyams, Clyde Cook and his wife, Robert Leonard and Ruth Roland, besides Gus Edwards and Dorothy Sebastian.

Gus and Dorothy seemed to have a little the edge in the final applause, and drew the prize but as Clyde and Leila seemed about to burst into tears, Mike promised them a duplicate.

Lupino Lane and Clyde Cook performed a very funny burlesque Flora Dora dance, and Joe Brown gave his famous 'Little Mousey' recitation. But it all seemed spontaneous and charmingly easy.

The electrics were going off and the sun coming on as we fared homeward, and we all hope to be invited to the next Mayfair.

"PHYLLIS HAVER wants to give a house-warming party," declared Patsy over the phone to me one morning, "but she says that her house is a bit too small for all her guests, so she is going to warm it vicariously by giving the party at the Rondo, a big apartment house, built in Spanish style, which the owner is quite

(Continued on page 92)



"Come on over to my house for a party!" says Lois Wilson. We'll be right over.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

MARIE PREVOST in *"The Exodus"*



Gene Robert Richter

ANOTHER lovely lissome lady becomes converted to the films. Meet Leone Lane, the latest and stateliest Hollywood beauty.



Gene Robert Richee

GIVE her regards to Broadway—she's in the movies now. Pretty, happy Nancy Carroll brings a stage-trained voice to the talkers.



Ruth Harriet Louise

LLOYD HUGHES steps out with a new personality in "The Mysterious Island." No wonder, with such an inspiration as Jane Daly.



Harold Dean Carsey

WHY young men want to go in the movies.
If they're lucky like Antonio Moreno
they may make love to Billie Dove.



Gene Robert Richee

GARY COOPER'S ambition, they say, is to go off to his Montana ranch and lead the simple life. But his fans won't let him.



Russell Ball

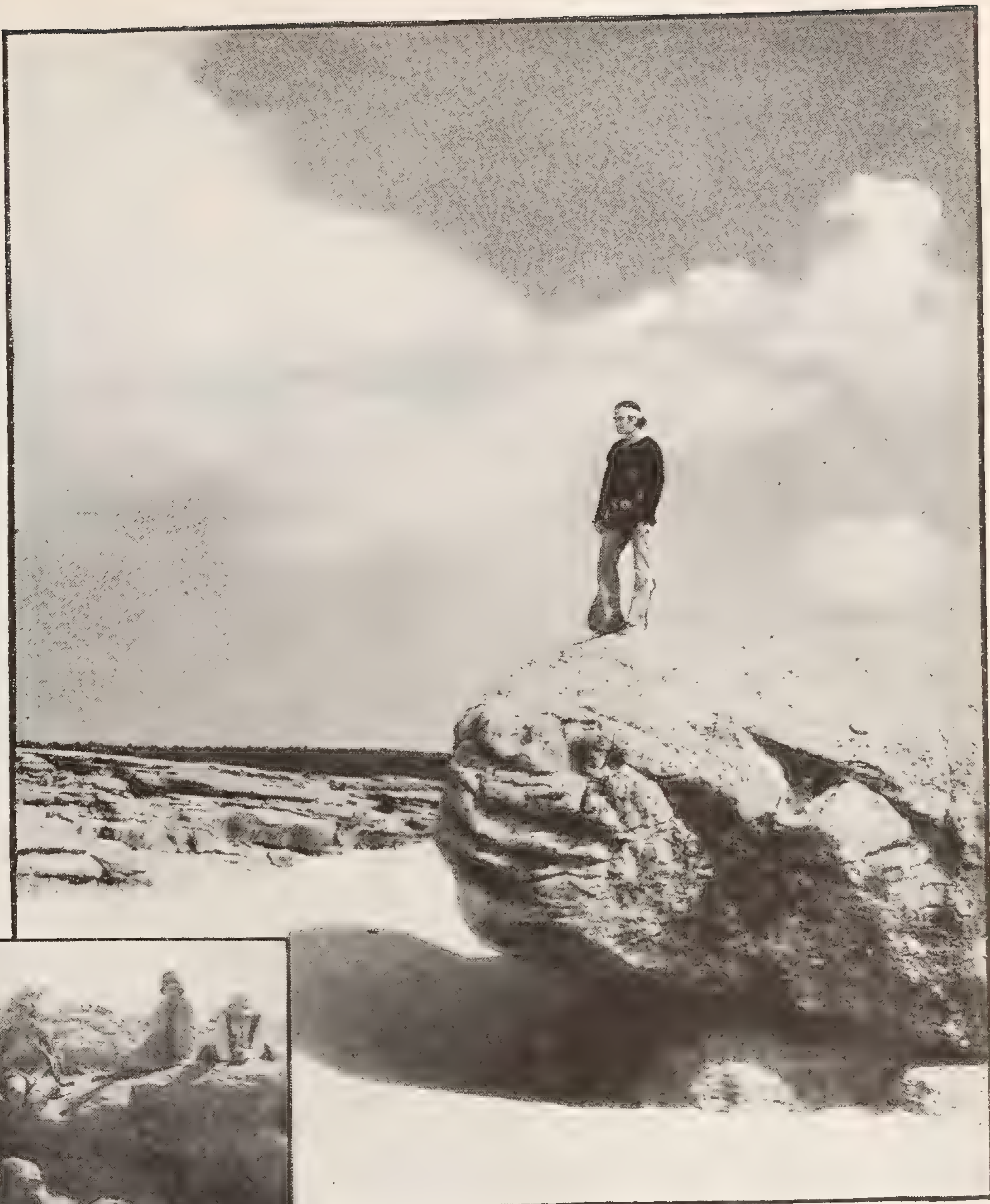
O THER stars smile. Evelyn Brent has won her way to fame by her genuine ability and this seductively sulky expression.



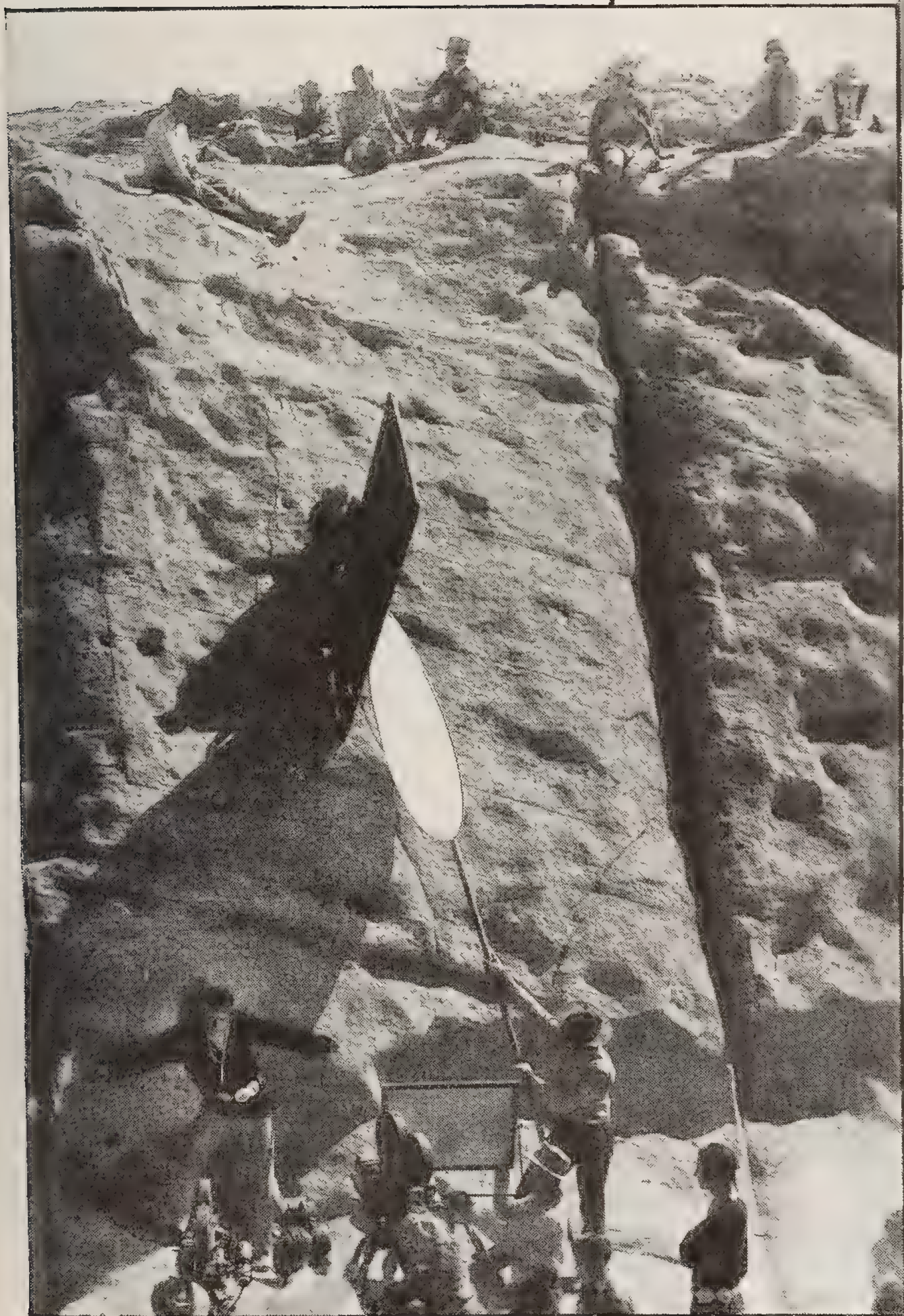
W. J. van Rossem

ALL the pretty girls in Hollywood aren't *in* pictures. Here's Fanchon Royer, who produces them. The water babies are her sons.

¶ *How They Made
"Redskin" with
Richard Dix, and
Real Indians and
Everything.*



¶ Richard Dix as the Navajo hero of "Redskin," Paramount's natural-color epic of the problems, loves, and hatreds of the modern Indian.



Schertzing, the actors, and the technical staff, as well as in this picture, endured discomforts under a broiling sun—while the cameras grind, the assistants precariously perched emotional aid on his tiny organ—at the upper left.

wide-brimmed hat at home and got well broiled, but I did have sense enough to take along a coat.

Ruth Tildesley, another writer whom you probably know, and I were the only guests, and we found ourselves comfortably installed in a compartment on the California Limited bound for Gallup, New Mexico, which was 92 miles from the Chin Lee trading post and the 'Redskin' camp. I'd like to tell you all about the fun we had getting there, but I will sternly overlook it and get to what happened at camp as quickly as possible.

We were met at El Navajo's Hotel, the Harvey House in Gallup, by Ken Whitmore, in charge of the publicity for the unit, and during luncheon we heard about all the hardships we were to endure at camp. And then we began the 92 glorious miles to camp.

Ken said the roads were terrible, and they were. However, our chauffeur was Frank Sayer, one of the finest of the fine 'Harveycar' drivers. Those boys can take you over the bumps at 35 an hour so easily you wouldn't know what you were escaping.

It was just sunset when we reached Fort Defiance, that sturdy post with memories of a bloody past; and the journey for five miles afterward was

a fairyland of color. There is room to breathe pure air in the West. There is room to think pure thoughts. There is the clean, pungent odor of the sage. There are the garbled, twisted rocks that only the desert knows, and changing beauty that the art of man can never hope to confine; not in words, on canvas or even in music. Its grandeur is intoxicating, mysterious, limitless.

(Well, I wasn't going to emote over the desert, but I couldn't help that bit!)

Soon it was very dark and we rode through miles of dense pine forest with here and there a clearing which showed the slender crescent of the moon and the billions of brilliant stars. Then came miles of rock—no road at all, the car simply made its way over solid rock. At one side yawned a black abyss. "That's Canyon de Chelley (pronounced Shay) and a sheer drop of seven hundred feet," drawled Frank, "so I'll drive real careful."

"Good night!" I said to Ruth as, although going very slowly, we were rattled about from one side of the car to the other like dry peas in a pod.

We finally arrived at Cozy's trading post where we were to spend that night because there was no room in camp. There wasn't a sign of life. "All over to the movie camp, I guess," said Frank, and hearing a faint groan he added, "but it's only two more miles."

We passed the Indian school where little Navajos are sent by the United States Government to unlearn their own wisdom for what we so-called civilized beings call by that name. Several days before it seems that two little boys, wretched from home-sickness, terrified and ill from the effect of their first earthly bath, strange clothes and food, had run away and had not yet been found. The teachers are kind but not always understanding, and by the way, that is the theme of Elizabeth Pickett's story—the trouble caused by lack of understanding on the part of both the white man and the Indian.

At last a grove of cotton-wood trees were picked up by the lights of our car and a number of smothered lights from the gloom ahead told us we had reached camp. Frank drew up in the plaza, switched off our lights and went in search of Syd Street, business manager for the unit. We sank back too hungry, tired and cold for speech.

Suddenly out of the blackness in front of me appeared a plain of snow-white drifting sand, red craggy rocks rising to a brilliant azure sky, with a stalwart figure, lithe, sinuous, clad in a close-fitting black doublet open at the throat, outlined against the rocks. Confining his straight, jet-black hair was a band of red, and about his neck was a handsome necklace of carved silver and turquoise. It was a joyous, eager, commanding figure.

I rubbed my eyes and sat forward with a jerk wonder-

ing whether I was dreaming or not. "The 'rushes,'" I breathed, hanging on to something concrete. "The 'rushes!'"

Of course! How clever to show them out of doors. I thought I was seeing things for a minute.

But it took me another minute to realize that the romantic young Indian on the screen was our old collegiate favorite, Richard Dix, in some of the scenes that had been shot that very day.



“Red man, why are you blue? But Richard Dix was really enthusiastic about his role in “Redskin.”

Then came the welcoming voice and hand of Syd Street who took us toward a huddled group done up in coats and blankets who were watching the “rushes” outside the commissary.

There was Richard and his director, Victor Schertzinger; Gladys Belmont, the diminutive and youthful leading lady; Elizabeth Pickett, the author; Tully Marshall, who needs no introduction; Jane Novak—yes, you will see her again, in a lovely part—Larry Steers, Joseph Girard, George Rigas, Noble Johnson, Jack Duane, and oh, seventy-five others.

“Where have you been all this time?” demanded Richard. “You should have been here last week for the Fire Dance. It was the most gorgeous sight I ever saw in my life. We were unbelievably lucky to get the Indians to do it and it will probably never be done again on the screen. It is a sacred dance, you see, and they are a little fearful that they are going to be punished for performing it for us.

“We had a lucky break with the weather, and that put us in right. Dew fell which turned into rain the first morning after our arrival and the Indians took it to be a good omen and a sign that the Great Spirit approved of us. Had frost come that

night, it would have been goodbye to us.”

Then we were taken into the mess tent and fed some delicious lamb chops, fried potatoes and coffee. As it was ten thirty and we had had nothing since noon we did justice to the meal. While we ate Richard brought us up to date on the doings of the camp.

“It is too bad you missed the concert.”

“A concert! How did you have a concert out here?”

“Why, Dolores and Roy are with us.” Dolores is a violinist, and is she pretty! And Roy is an organist. They always play together at Paramount and go on many of the locations. Roy has his own portable organ and it was a funny sight indeed to see it perched on the brow of a rock, and Dolores in her stunning riding togs standing on the very edge of the cliff playing for all she was worth. They put life in the party one morning, I’ll say, after we had all climbed up to the pueblos—but that came later.

“The concert was great,” continued Richard. “We had a bonfire out there in the plaza (Cont. on page 103)

His Double Life

All
About
A
Good
Bad
Man

By
Sydney Valentine



Robert Armstrong is having a good laugh at this double exposure of himself. Center, with his wife. Below, his bad behavior in a film.

The
Cause
of a
New
Crime
Rave

Robert
Armstrong

By day he is a bold bootlegger — a gangster—a pugilist—a crook; in other words, an all-round bad boy.

By night—and Sundays and holidays—he's a gentleman and a golfer, one of Hollywood's favorite citizens and a good husband.

Robert Armstrong. There's no actor in pictures who has had a more instantaneous success. What's more, it's lasted. Armstrong is only just completing his eighth film, but he is securely established among the important personalities of the screen. Since his first picture, "The Main Event," in which he played a prize-fighter, he has been identified with 'tough guy' parts. But he has invested these roles with real charm. In "The Cop" he copped the acting honors from experienced movie troupers. "Celebrity" and "Show Folks" followed, and with the release of each new picture Robert Armstrong climbed a little higher in public esteem. That's why Pathe put him under contract.

And he didn't want to be an actor! As a youngster he played at 'producing' plays in the wood-shed or furnace room with the neighborhood kids as members of the cast.

Later on he seemed to be in half the amateur shows produced in his home town, Seattle. But when family and friends would say: "You really must go on the stage," young Armstrong would reply: "Not for me. I want something

more serious for a career. I'm going to be a lawyer."

His reputation for dramatic ability, however, pursued Bob to the University of Washington, and he soon found himself writing, producing, and acting in many skits put on by the college dramatic club. Acting was fun, he admitted. And he somehow found himself an actor instead of a lawyer. His uncle, Paul Armstrong, the distinguished playwright, helped him to get a start on the stage. Beginning as stage manager for one of his uncle's vaudeville acts, young Armstrong was propelled into the leading role. And he has been playing leads on and off, more or less, ever since.

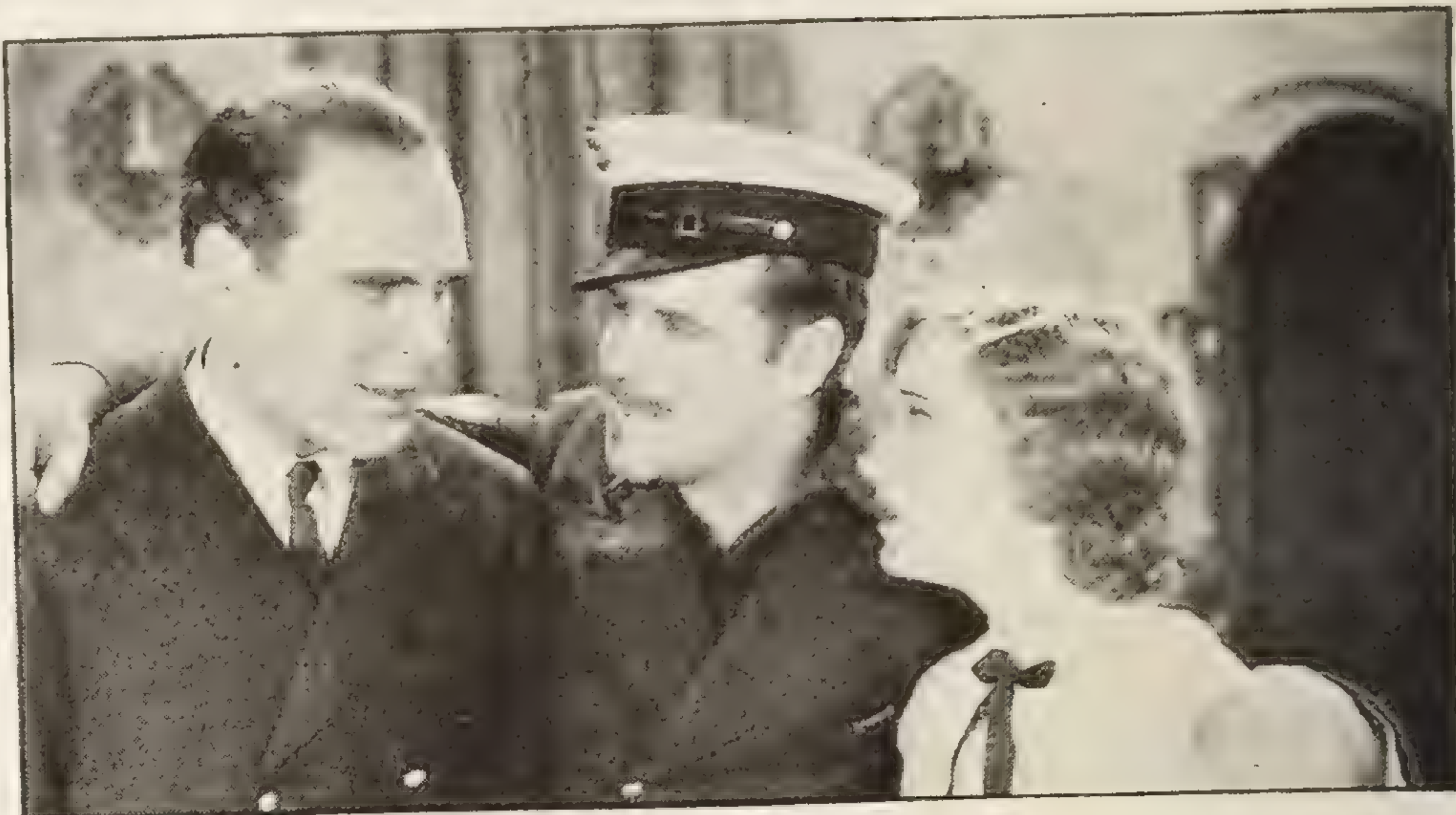
Paul Armstrong died in 1917, just a few weeks after his favorite nephew enlisted in the army. Bob Armstrong spent eighteen months in service, and held a first lieutenant's commission when the war ended. It was after the war that his promising career (Cont. on page 111)

Let's Go to

Screenland's Revuettes will Answer Your Question: "What Picture Shall We See Tonight?" Read Them!

Submarine

Suppose as the crack diver of Uncle Sam's Navy you came home one afternoon and found your wife in the arms of your best pal? Suppose a week later your pal's submarine was sunk and nobody but you can get air to him and his ship-mates? What would you do? This is the tremendous situation facing Jack Holt, Jack, Dorothy Revier, Ralph Graves and Clarence Burton all give remarkable performances in this splendid film which is awash with the swing of the sea and the bravery of men.



Lonesome

To flirt or not to flirt—that is the question confronting Barbara Kent and Glenn Tryon. They're human, and lonesome, and so! This is Universal's first talking special. You'll like it because the charming co-stars do good work.



Red Lips

Here is a campus story that treats college men as if they really were men. Charles Rogers is the hero; he is sincere and lovable. Marian Nixon is great, too. The best college picture in a long time.



The Baby Cyclone

This isn't any tornado—just a summer shower. But you'll want to see it before you select your 1929 wardrobe, for Aileen Pringle's clothes are marvelous. Modernistic settings are of interest; also Gwen Lee and Robert Armstrong.



Women They Talk About

What will we do with Irene Rich if she doesn't stay out of politics? Here she is threatening to run for Mayor. A talker, with Audrey Ferris and Buster Collier as heart interest, and Claude Gillingwater as good acting.

the Movies

Consult these Comments on Current Films and You Will be Guided in Your Quest for Screen Entertainment.



Me Gangster

This film is the autobiography of a crook. Don Terris, new to the screen, plays the role of an East Side bad boy, crooked even from childhood. He loves June Collyer but hates work more. Rather than work, he steals. His father is magnificently played by Anders Randolph. Terris and Miss Collyer are particularly good in the climax in which Don's former pals in crime try to hi-jack him of the stolen money he is returning to the rightful owner. It's excellent entertainment as well as a moral preachment.



Stocks and Blondes

Jacqueline Logan and 'Skeets' Gallagher, making whoopee among the night clubs and the ticker tape. Gertrude Astor in a sister role gives a knock-out impersonation. An investment in amusement, not a speculation. Jackie is prettier than ever.



Melody of Love

Making talkies is like matrimony—you may have to walk up to the altar a few times before you know what it's all about. Another talker—and not so good except for Mildred Harris and a boy named Tommy Dugan.



Heart Trouble

It's Old Home Week for Harry Langdon for in this comedy he is just like his old self again—one hundred percent funny. As a small-town boy he creates laughs on all sides. Pretty Doris Dawson is in it.



Tenth Avenue

Phyllis Haver is in love with Victor Varconi, a gambler; but because Joseph Schildkraut, a weakling gangster, appeals to her maternal instinct or something, she promises to marry him. Which all leads up to robbery and murder. Phyllis is stunning.

Things They Don't Talk

¶ The Stars Keep Their Good Deeds to Themselves. But Sometimes They Are Found Out!

By Helen Ludlam

OFTEN, around the Christmas season especially, people check up on themselves. They ask themselves whether, during the busy year, they have stopped a moment to bring a little cheer to one who is sad, or helped a pal over a tough bit of road that seemed all bumps and no breaks.

Yet this business of helping people is not as simple as it sounds. It takes tact as well as heart. It takes intelligence as well as generosity, to do the thing neatly.

Stage and picture people seem to be legitimate prey for those who have the 'gimme' disease. Humanity looks upon them as Santa Clauses to whom it writes letters demanding anything from a worn-out collar to a house and lot. Yes, actually, one star was asked to give her house,

because the writer wanted one and felt the star had plenty of money to buy herself another house! It didn't occur to her that the star had *worked* for her house—that it was not a gift from Santa Claus.

The stars have had to learn how to give, and when. They have learned to wait until a real need presented itself and that takes strength of character that is usually termed stinginess.

Some of the kindest things one does seem trivial, yet they are greatest because they fill an instant need.

As an instance, Edmund Lowe was returning home from the studio at a late hour and stopped in a drug store to buy some shaving cream. There was a very small boy standing near his car when he came out who asked whether he would buy a "Ladies Home Journal."

Between several chuckles Eddie said that "The Ladies Home Journal" was one of the magazines he never had time to read, and patting the boy on the head jumped into his roadster and slammed the door.

As he turned once more to smile at the youngster, for a picture of himself sitting down for an evening with "The Ladies Home Journal" amused him, he noticed how drooping the little figure looked. Even the six or seven magazines were slipping and sliding under the tired arm of the child, and a tear rolled down the cheek that should have been round and rosy.

"What's the matter, sonny? Isn't eleven o'clock pretty late for you to be out?"

"Yes, sir," gulped the boy, too miserable and weary to check further the sob that rose to his throat. "But I have all these pa-a-pers!"

"Do you mean that you have to wait until you sell those magazines before you can go home?" Eddie asked, astonished.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, *that's* easy." And taking the load from the child's arm he

¶ Norman Kerry always insists upon having the same extras in all of his pictures in which extras are required. They're for him!



About

pressed a bill into the grimy little paw.

The thing stuck in his mind and he spoke of it to his wife, Lilyan Tashman, the next morning at breakfast.

"There was a case of a round peg in a square hole if I ever saw one," he said. "Most kids get a thrill out of being a 'newsie' but that youngster was certainly not in his right place."

And it was Lilyan who told me about it.

Moral courage was displayed in a recent act of Carmel Myers'.

A young man stepped up to her and asked for a small amount of money. Carmel had just entered her car, which she was driving herself. After a moment's hesitation she rather disdainfully opened her purse. Then, her feeling of resentment was so strong that she looked again at the man. He was well-dressed and had the appearance of breeding. Carmel's little jaw shot out.

"You don't look like a man who would beg for money, and particularly you don't look like a man who would beg for money from a woman. Why are you asking it of me?"

The man looked down, but only for a moment, and a faint tinge of red showed on his cheek.

"I'm not," he said. "But I thought I could get into talking pictures because I heard there was a need out here. I have a voice, and have had some stage and screen experience. I landed in Hollywood almost with my last cent and it didn't take long to spend that. You know how much chance anyone has of crashing the gate out here, either in silent or talking pictures. It's different if you're invited in. And I have not been able to get work of any sort so far, and have not eaten for three days.

And Carmel knew it was true. She gave him enough for a good, square meal and the address of someone she thought could help him to some work, as she herself had nothing she could give him.

It is not always easy to give and at the same time allow the beneficiary to retain self-respect, but I think Carmel managed it nicely.

Norman Kerry always insists upon having the same extras in all of his pictures in which extras are required. These extras know, then, that when Norman is working they will work, and eat, too.

This may seem a simple matter, but it isn't. A good many actors,



☞ The Bebe Daniels you see on the screen looks like a generous, warm-hearted girl, doesn't she? Well, she is.



☞ John Gilbert proved a friend in need and helped a pal in a crisis.

even stars of assured positions, dislike to ask favors of the company they are with. To round up the same bunch of extras for each picture a star is in, is a job for the casting director, or the assistant. It is so much easier to call Central Casting, order the required type and number, and let who will, come.

Ben Lyon did rather an unusual thing for a boy who had been impersonating him. This boy found it a simple matter to go into a store, order whatever he wanted and charge it to Ben Lyon whom he strongly resembled. He even had the nerve to register as Ben Lyon at the Biltmore Hotel in New York, and he got away with it for a few days. Then the real Ben Lyon began receiving bills for things he had not ordered and had not received. There was a big bill at the hotel and the case began to look serious.

Ben went to (Cont. on page 102)



The New KID

*Al Jolson's Own
Account of his Dis-
covery of Davy Lee.*

“They call him ‘Jackie Coogan’s successor.’
He made his hit in “The Singing Fool.”

“HIS only three—but the kid’s a born actor! “We had to have a kid to play Sonny Boy in ‘The Singing Fool.’ The casting director looked at one hundred and eighty kids—and was still looking. We had to have somebody—and get him quick.

“I was hurrying into the studio one morning when I noticed a youngster playing around on the grass plot in front. I stopped and asked him what he was up to. He said he was going to play. Something about that kid got me. I squatted down beside him and asked him his name.

“‘Davy Lee,’” he said. ‘Are you an actor?’

“I admitted it. ‘A good actor?’ said the kid.

“That made me laugh. He laughed, too—and threw his arms around my neck and asked me for a ride. That settled it. I knew I had found Sonny Boy.

“So I picked him up and walked into the studio and hunted up the director and said: ‘Here’s Sonny Boy. You can send the other kids home.’

“And the funny part of it turned out to be that this kid, this Davy Lee, wasn’t even applying for the part. His mother had brought him along with her when she brought his older brother, Frankie Lee, a well-known child actor, to the studio about the part of Sonny Boy—simply because Mrs. Lee didn’t have anybody at home to leave Davy with. And while the casting director was talking to her about Frankie, Davy slipped away—and that’s how I met him in the yard.

“Well, I was so sold on the kid for the part that I agreed to take all the responsibility. He had never been in a picture before. Frankly, I was a little nervous about him when we got going on his scenes. But I decided to trust my hunch. So I taught him his lines and how to wait for his cue, and so forth.

“It was funny. We got to the scene where I tell Sonny Boy bed-time stories. I delivered my lines and then waited for Davy to pick up the cue. He never said a word. I waited a few seconds more and still Davy didn’t talk. The director gave the order to cut camera, and I knew the scene would have to be retaken. Suddenly Davy looked up at me and said: ‘Why didn’t you speak your words?’

“Then I remembered that I had changed part of my dialogue when the camera began to grind, and Davy had refused to follow a wrong cue. He remembered the words I had told him to wait for, and he waited!

“After that, I knew Sonny Boy didn’t have to be watched. When the picture was begun, I said to him, pointing to the camera: ‘Never look at that thing.’ And he ignored it as if it were not there. Not a bad general rule for older actors to follow, either!

“I think Davy Lee has a great future. Warner Brothers have signed him on a three-year contract and in his next picture he will co-star with Rin-Tin-Tin. That ought to please any three-year-old kid. Yes—I’m mighty proud of my discovery. I feel just like Columbus!”



Elmer Fryer

DAVY LEE is the latest boy wonder of the movies. Read all about Al Jolson's discovery of him on the opposite page.

New York

EVERY girl has a clothes problem. Marion Davies is no exception. She brought back sixteen trunks filled with clothes from her European vacation: creations of the most famous French designers. But when she arrived in New York she decided to have one more shopping spree before going back to work. And she selected some of Sally Milgrim's smartest models. Now she doesn't know which to wear!

Gábor Eder



Jackets to be worn with the long evening gowns are very special — and this one worn by Marion boasts a unique ruffled cape collar outlined in ermine.



This evening ensemble is of white transparent velvet.

Below: What is called in smart fashion circles a day-time frock. It's of slate-blue marocain, made in intricate flares, with a fitted girdle held in place by a bow of self-material.



or Paris?

MARION admits she is amused. She needs smart clothes for her pictures, so she can't have too many costumes. She likes the French creations—but she also admires the American. Now she wants you to glance over these pictures and make up her mind for her. Which group of models are most becoming to an American beauty? Are French fashions smarter, but domestic designs more practical? Girls, go to it!

Apeda



Above: Dolman sleeves and a profusion of long-haired fox fur mark this wrap-around coat from Paris. Note the slight trend toward fullness and the generous elegance of this French model.



Dull gold lame, printed in an intricate design of pink and blue, is the fabric of this formal evening wrap that Marion included in her Paris purchases.





Lansing Brown

WONDER if Sue Carol knows about the forfeit demanded by tradition when a girl puts on her boy friend's hat? Now, Sue!



Max Mun Autrey

NICK STUART looks happy—and why not? It happens to be his hat. And Sue Carol is Nick's favorite motion picture actress.



Henry Freulich

COLLEEN MOORE, who started all that flaming youth stuff, takes a fling at posing as the most flaming of them all—Carmen.



Ruth Harriet Louise

MADEMOISELLE from Hollywood: Renee Adoree. The little French girl will give Tahiti a treat on location for "The Pagan."



Edwin Bower Hesser

YOU will see and hear a new Mary Pickford in "Coquette." She says it's her best dramatic role since the memorable "Stella Maris."

Cross My Heart

A conventional musical comedy with the conventionally mild entertainment. Bobby Watson, Lulu McConnell, Don Barclay and Franklyn Ardell handle the comedy, and do pretty well by it. Clarence Nordstrom does the young hero with lovely Mary Lawlor opposite him. Miss Lawlor dances awfully well, but just a wee too much. Indeed, the whole show is a little top-heavy with excellent dancing—and quite natural, too, inasmuch as it is presented by Sammy Lee. Our own heart landed, however, not at the feet of any of the artists mentioned above, but at the tripping toes of Doris Eaton, sister of Mary.

Gods of the Lightning

Whether propaganda has any place in art is one of those few controversies your correspondent is not capable of deciding. But certainly Mr. Shaw proves, time and again, that having something to say doesn't seriously injure a play. And, so far as we are concerned, at any rate, Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson have no difficulty in proving that a lot of genuine emotion on the parts of the authors can rouse a lot of genuine emotion in the audience.

It is a thunderous play, this "Gods of the Lightning." But for most of a slow-moving first act, you are inclined to wonder what all the thunder is for. Then, toward the close, the authors catch you in their wake, hold you spell-bound in a savage second act, and then proceed to tear the heart out of you in a brooding third.

It relates how two men, caught in a web beyond their understanding woven by men of no understanding, go to their death for a crime they have not committed.

Maxwell Anderson has never, to this writer's knowledge, lifted his pen but to write something fine and sincere. "What Price Glory," "Outside Looking In," "Saturday's Children," and now "Gods of the Lightning." Something, ladies and gentlemen, of a record.

Crashing Through

It is in a Shaw play—"Getting Married," we think, though you needn't bother to correct us if we're wrong—that an aviator crashes through the skies to upset a household. Here the aviator is changed to a riveter. Nevertheless, we had a nice evening.

We are afraid that the hard-boiled crust on our heart has all but worn off. At any rate, when one of the old-timers, in this instance Henrietta Crosman, comes into a scene, we melt right away. We are clay in her hands. Whatever she does seems to us to be good acting. Maybe it isn't, but that's our story. And so it is, that in spite

of poor riveters and rich young society women, in spite of the dreadful amount of divorce in the best circles, we liked "Crashing Through."

These Few Ashes

Confronted with the nice situations and nice dialogue of this one, we are compelled again to trot out one of our pet phrases, and term it a deft comedy. During the course of the year, a fellow with our limited vocabulary probably refers to a dozen shows as deft comedies. Those that aren't deft, Sophonisba, are, obviously, dumb. There, there, we're sorry the subject ever came up.

At any rate, we liked "These Few Ashes." It has a swell idea: one of those great lovers goes to his death mountain-climbing in St. Moritz. His body is cremated and his ashes are held by his butler to be given to the lady who wants them. Enter four ladies, fighting for ashes. Come four scenes, in which each lays her claim, with the movie flash-back telling the story. Exit four ladies, leaving ashes behind. Nice? What did we tell you? Deft comedy.

This Year of Grace

There have been times when bitter thoughts have entered what we like to think of as our mind. There was the girl who didn't keep the date; there was the girl who *did* keep the date. Oh, we have pondered self-destruction in the wee hours of the morning, even as other lonely souls.

There was the time we decided finally to end it all by turning on the gas. Only the circumstance that there was no gas in the apartment brought us through the crisis. After all, it's not so easy to die by just turning on the electric light.

So now we have turned Mohammedan — haven't you *heard?*—and just accept Fate and all that. And there must be something to it. Because if we had done away with ourself on any of those previous occasions, we might not have been able to see "This Year of Grace."

And then the laugh would have been on us, wouldn't it? Because "This Year of Grace" is just about the grandest thing that's come out of England since that first revue of Charlot's. The book, lyrics and music are by Noel Coward, thus making him practically the English J. P. McAvoy. Only, in addition to that, Noel sings, acts and dances in it, too, so that he really is the English Geo. M. Cohan. Or may-

be he's just Noel Coward.

Of course, the point about all these accomplishments is that Coward does every one of them with ability and charm. And then, to make sure that everything is going to be just so, Beatrice Lillie is in the cast.



☞ Sylvia Sidney, one of the most promising of the younger actresses, in "Gods of the Lightning," a striking new play.

Hot from Hollywood!

¶ *Screenland's Gossip--Straight from Studios and Stars.*

EXTRA! Extra! Clara Bow attends her first premier! You might think that Clara attended all the openings and all the parties in Hollywood. But she doesn't. She would rather have a crust of bread at home than a banquet in a swell restaurant. The Montmartre, the Cocanut Grove—all the smart epicurean rendezvous carry on their gaiety without Clara. She is a 100-per-cent home girl.

As for an opening—well, no one has ever yet been able to drag her to one, until the other night, when she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clifton. Mrs. Clifton was Helen Kiely, remember? Charlie Byer escorted Clara.

How did Paramount's little red-head happen to break her iron-clad rule and go this time? Well, it was this way. She was dated up with the Cliftons for that evening and they wanted to see the opening of "The Marriage Bed," the play directed by Robert Milton, the well-known New York producer, and co-starring Alice Joyce and Owen Moore. Mr. Clifton thought a stage opening might be interesting to Clara and that she wouldn't be mobbed because so many in the audience would be picture people. Clara didn't want to go and I don't suppose she would have for any one in the world except Elmer Clifton. But Clara remembers the time when a struggling little girl wanted a job and Elmer Clifton was the only one who believed in her. And she remembers during the years afterwards, which envy and jealousy made bitter ones for her, the kindly advice and loyal encouragement she was always sure of from her first director. So I don't think there is much that

¶ Dorothy Mackaill as the Spirit of Hollywood Whoopee, posed especially to inspire SCREENLAND readers to plan a trip to California!

Clara wouldn't do for Elmer Clifton and certainly she wouldn't upset her host's plans for an evening he evidently expected to enjoy thoroughly.

What interested Mr. Clifton was that Clara was the cynosure of all eyes that night, particularly among the members of her own profession. Few of her fellow players know, or have even seen, Clara—she is that much of a recluse. After the play she was besieged on all sides for autographs and had signed twenty-five before she got down the aisle. In the lobby the crowd became so hysterical in its effort to come near her that Mr. Clifton and Charlie Byer had to do something drastic and she was finally carried bodily to her car.

But that's why the darling of America is so seldom seen in public.

She wore a gown with a white satin bodice and white ostrich feathers from her waist to the floor. Her cloak was silver and white and was trimmed with white fox. You all know that her curly hair is flaming red; but perhaps you don't know that her skin is like a magnolia petal.

* * *

Edna May Cooper will be in the cast of Eric Von Stroheim's picture in which Gloria Swanson stars. Edna May was the wife of Karl Brown, who directed "Stark Love"—until they decided to part.

When she talked to Von about the part she said, "Well, Mr. Von Stroheim, I don't know whether you are a great director or not, but there is one nice thing about you." "Yes," said Von bracing himself for almost anything after such a beginning. "Yes," said Edna May demurely, "there is one very nice thing, and

¶ A formal portrait of Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis.

that is that even if one has a small part in your picture, it lasts a long time!"

And Von signed her on the dot.

* * *

Greta Garbo has flung another surprise to Hollywood. The Swedish siren has always, except in her work, scorned clothes until recently. If she felt like wandering around all day in a house dress or a smock, she would. But about two months ago Greta met Lilyan Tashman and the two girls have held a mutual admiration society ever since. The convivial Lilyan has revolutionized the life of the aloof Miss Garbo who now is seen here and there and exquisitely gowned.

The slender willowy Garbo, hiding her grace under an ill-fitting frock, was too much for Lilyan whose taste in dress is a joy to all who know her. It wasn't long before her fingers itched to take Greta in hand and now she has gone and done it. Greta can't wait to go shopping every day and her sense for pretty clothes now fully awakened, she judges with a keen eye. When a creation not to her liking is shown she remarks with an arch look at Lilyan, "Thees one goes to Sweden!" When something pleasing appears she exclaims, "Ah, I will be a dish in that, no?" This term came originally from Ernst Lubitsch who stood a moment in admiration of Lilyan at a recent Mayfair dance and said in his attractive accent, "Tash-mann, you are what we call a swell dish!" It amused la belle Tashman so that she included the word in her vocabulary and Greta is now amused by it too.

Frequently the Lowe telephone rings and a silver sweet voice floats over the wire, "Leeli? Thees ees Ga-arbo. We will go shopping today—yes?"

* * *

Virginia Valli has just finished a seven week's engagement in "Tarnish," and she likes the stage so well that she wants to step right into another production. She might even accept one of four offers for stock that

have come her way, which if she does accept will show a devotion to art. Stock is the best training in the world for an actress, providing of course, that she has a fine director; but for a girl who has a lovely home and all her friends in Hollywood it is a lonesome thing to vanish from their sight.

And then there's Charlie Farrell.

Cupid has been trying to manage something there but times aren't what they were. The girls these days don't have to marry for either money or position or to be taken care of, so it takes a good hard left over the heart to send them to the altar. Still, Virginia told me very innocently that when she could spare some time from her garden in which she was planting jasmine, lemon verbena and tube roses; that she just runs

over to the house Charlie is building to see that everything is going all right. "Charlie is working, you know, and can't attend to things, and anyhow men don't know about how houses should be built as well as women do, and they forget all the essential details, such as plugs in proper places for lights, and comfortable things like that." So after all I guess Cupid is licking his chops over that.

* * *

Just the same the son of Venus is either fast asleep or in love himself just now, because he is certainly off the job. The only really, truly engagement seems to be between William Hawks and Sally Eilers and I guess that's set. Sally has left



☞ Stan Laurel not only keeps movie audiences in hysterics. He keeps his wife and baby amused, too. Mrs. Laurel is so pretty she should go in pictures.



☞ Billie Dove about to resolve not to make any resolutions for 1929.



☞ Alice White is the kind of a girl who makes every man want to play Santa Claus.



☞ A Hollywood girl who still believes in Kris Kringle! Clara Bow knows that if she and her watch-dog just manage to stay awake they'll be rewarded.

those two ever escaped getting married in Italy was more than I could see. Sue says they nearly did—that she doesn't know herself how they escaped, but as she talked I thought I saw the reason. There were tears in her eyes—oh, I don't mean to get mushy, but Sue thinks that marriage would spoil Nick's career, and I know that Nick thinks marriage would spoil Sue's career. A little altruism on both sides.

* * *

These talkers are turning the whole world upside down. Here is George Hill, the popular Metro director, having to move from Culver City to Hollywood so he will be sure and not miss any of them. Directors and producers have been accustomed in the past to have any picture they wanted to see run off for them in the studio projection room or their own home. But you have to go to headquarters for the talkers. Few studio projection rooms are yet equipped with sound device and as far as I know no homes have it installed except Harold Lloyd's.

So now you can go to Warners' Theatre any night of the week and see as many as a dozen stars in the audience who ordinarily attended only the premiers.

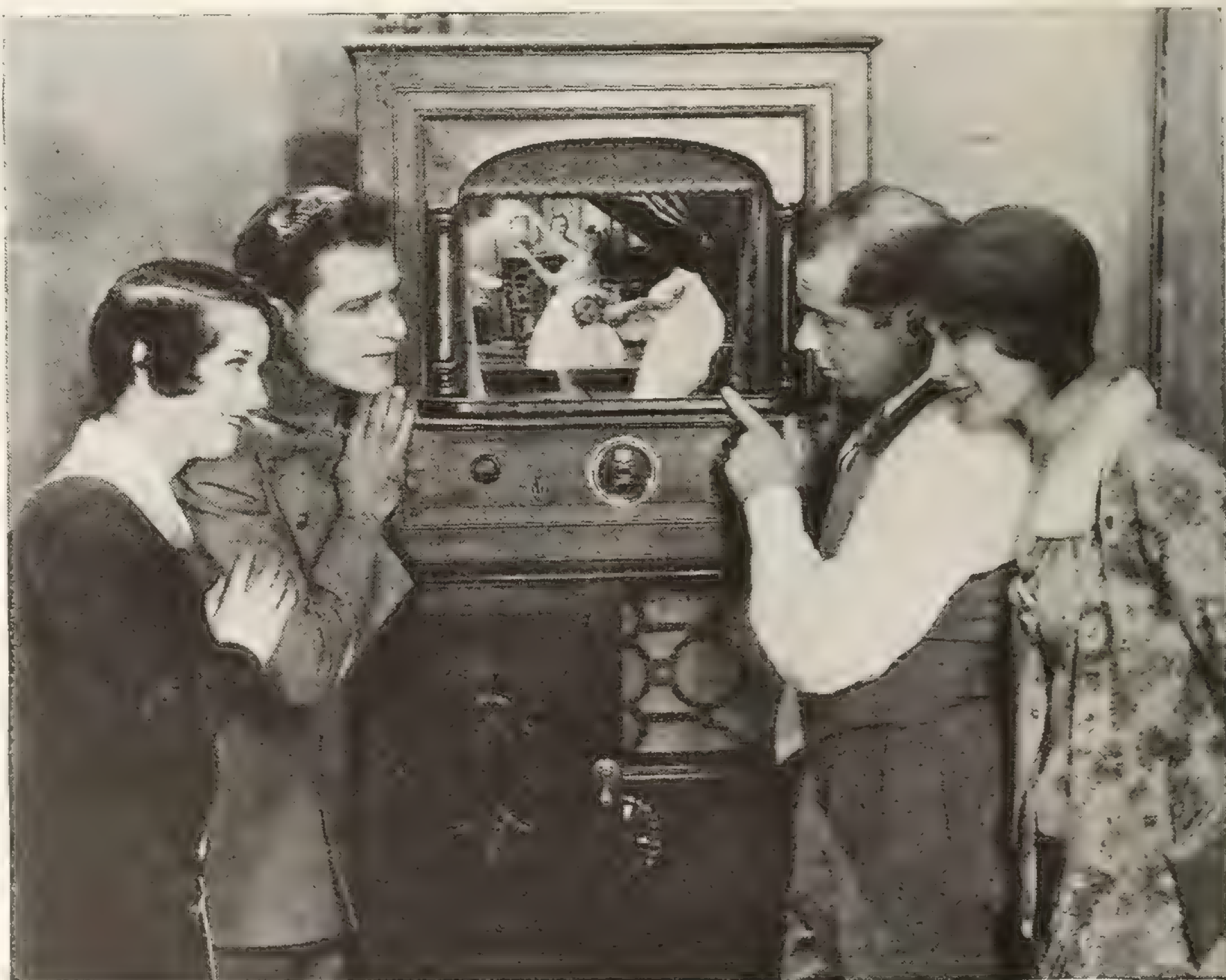
* * *

Samuel Goldwyn is in another quandary. Again he is looking for a leading man for Vilma Banky. Walter Byron was loaned to play opposite Gloria Swanson in her next picture which Eric Von Stroheim is to direct. But there is always a delay where Von is concerned and the picture Mr. Goldwyn expected would be finished long before Miss Banky was ready to start her next has not even begun, although

Sennett's to free-lance. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? Well, Joan has been wearing a wedding ring for months, as everyone knows, but when you ask the provoking creature whether it means anything she just smiles and shakes her curls at you. She has gone the length of announcing her engagement but although her marriage was reported in the paper this is denied by M.G.M., and since I can't get Joan on the phone this afternoon I'm going to take her studio's word for it and call it a day.

* * *

When everyone had Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost all made up they go and split wider than ever. Marie says definitely that the adjustment is all off and the divorce very much on, but you never can tell. And just look at Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. How



☞ Television for the first time is used as a dramatic device to supply the unusual climax of "The Wolf's Daughter." Gertrude Olmstead, Bert Lytell, Director Al Rogell and Lilyan Tashman seem to like it.

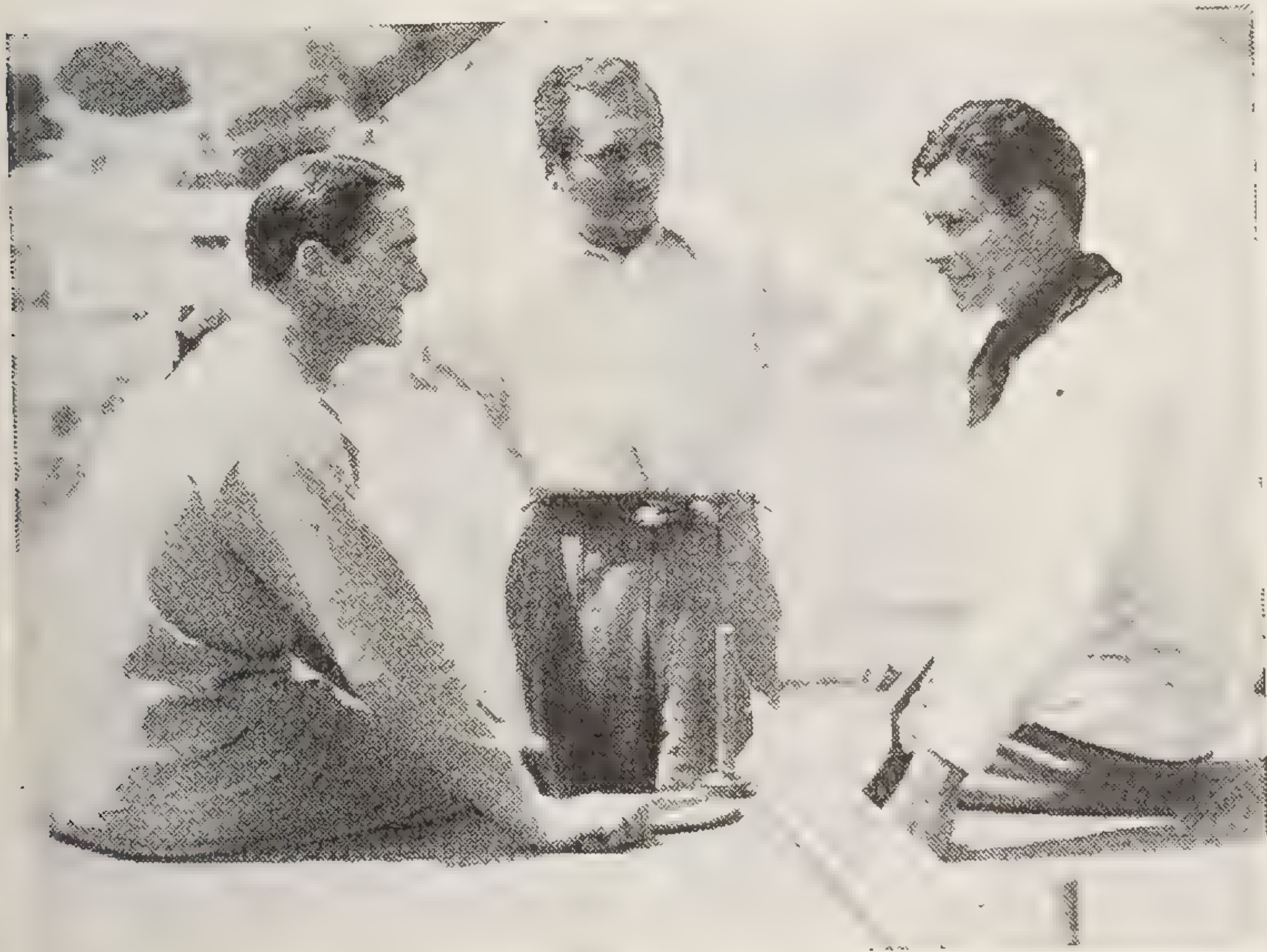
Walter Byron said today that he expected to start any day.

It was a shocking thing to hear that Vilma, the princess of the films, was to stoop from her throne and become a waitress in a Childs' restaurant on Fifth Avenue, New York, in her next picture.

"Banky has been the aristocrat long enough," said Mr. Goldwyn. "She is a fine actress, too fine for me to allow her to become one-sided. So I am taking her from her throne and putting her in the kitchen with a problem to solve that will endear her to everybody. She is just a little girl with nothing to help her but her own youth and beauty and courage." I know that is going to please Vilma's fans because I have heard from some of them and they are so afraid people will think she can only be The Beautiful Lady. Now everyone will have a chance to see that she is just a regular girl.

* * *

No one seems to know what they are going to do in Hollywood today. And you can well believe the starlets are taking advantage of the holiday. Sue Carol was cabled for to play the Spanish girl in "In Old Arizona" but when she found it was a talker and that she would have to speak with an accent,



☞ Theodore von Eltz, Philip Strange and Ronald Colman are residents of Malibu Beach, the exclusive beach colony half an hour from any movie studio and inaccessible even by phone.

Sue balked. "I'm not sure of my voice over the air in my own native tongue and I don't want to try dialect until I am a little further on in talker technique." Which shows that Sue is wise.

Then I met June Collyer and asked her what her next would be. June giggled and said she didn't know, which put it into my head that she was going to try and wangle a trip to New York. It is in June's contract that she is to be allowed two trips a year to her home town, and as her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Heermance, are here it is a safe bet that she will return when they do. Mr. Heermance said he was still scratching the 9,976 mosquito bites he had acquired in Rome, which has nothing to do with June's next picture but just shows that Italy isn't all it's cracked up to be. I did think the land of romance would not be pestered with skeets.

But there you are. Virginia Valli doesn't know what she is going to do, Marian Nixon doesn't know what she is going to do and Dick Arlen doesn't know what he is going to do. And Joby



☞ Ruth Chatterton and her prize angora kittens register appreciation of Ludwig Berger's impromptu concert. Berger directed Miss Chatterton in the Jannings film, "Sins of the Fathers."

Ralston is so happy keeping the home fires burning brightly that she almost hopes she doesn't get too tempting an offer.

Of course by the time these words are read, all the kids will have done a coupla pictures, but that is the state of affairs today.

* * *

At the Montmartre the other day Lilyan Tashman told me of her immediate precipitation into "In Old Arizona," the picture that has had such difficulty in getting under way.



☞ Albert Tangora of Paterson, N. J., world's champion typist, burned up a machine on a recent visit to the Metro-Goldwyn studios. Norma Shearer and John Mack Brown head the volunteer fire department.

Raoul Walsh was going to direct and Sue Carol was cabled for to play the Spanish girl. Raoul Walsh was injured and the picture was minus not only a director but a heavy. But now, it is all set. Irving Cummings is to direct, Edmund Lowe is to play the lead, and Warner Baxter the heavy. Dorothy Burgess, the young lady who made such a hit in "The Squall" when it played here, is to play the Spanish girl and Lilyan Tashman the dance-hall girl. The locale is the Mexican Border. And it will be interesting to see Eddie Lowe and his wife Lilyan in the same picture.

* * *

Richard Dix and Hal Howe, Hollywood *bon vivant*, attended a party recently where there were several Spanish dancers. Now it seems that it is an old Spanish custom for a young lady to dance upon the hat of the caballero of her choice—anyhow, one of the young ladies did and much to the amusement of both Rich and Hal who sympathized with the unfortunate owner of the hat.

Now Hal has a complex about hats. He hates 'em, and as lots of people go hatless in California he gets away with the social error whenever he can escape his wife's eye. The morning after the party he started out bare-headed. "Where's your new hat, Hal?" asked Pete (his wife). But instead of the protest she expected, Hal stopped short and dashed back into his room. "No, it isn't there. What do you suppose I did with that hat? Now I told you not to pay \$10.00 for that hat, Pete. I told you I'd leave it somewhere. And now I have!" Very much amused at his consternation Pete was already at the telephone. "You probably left it at the party last night. Oh, yes, I know it is my fault, of course, darling. How could it be yours?" But the hat was not there. The only odd hat had been the one the girls had danced on and one of them had taken it with her. "My grief," said Hal dramatically, "I know now what happened. Those girls saw a cap and a new hat and naturally thought Rich belonged to the swanky one. That girl danced on my ten dollar lid thinking she had



☞ Before they were famous! That young man at the left dancing with the blonde—don't you recognize him? Charles Farrell, of course, playing an extra in a Warner Brothers film of four years ago—"Bridge of Sighs." And the blonde at the right dancing with Creighton Hale is—yes, it is—Ruth Taylor!

Rich's. That's what happened! Well, I'll just go bare-headed all winter. It will serve me right!"

* * *

Lucien Prival finds himself in the strange predicament of having had his contract bought by Caddo from First National to do "Hell's Angels" which took ten months of his time, and now being borrowed back from Caddo by First National for "Adoration," Frank Lloyd's picture starring Billie Dove. And they want him for another after that.

* * *

Ben Lyon has his pilot's license! Yes,



☞ What San Francisco children saw when they were coming home from school: Corinne Griffith and Edmund Lowe on location; riding in an old cable car and being 'shot' by the camera on a platform erected alongside. What you will see on the screen in "Outcast": the scene within the white lines.



☞ And here's the scene that they went all the way to San Francisco to get! It might have been made in a studio, but these days the movie directors go in for authentic atmosphere.



☞ Douglas D'Artagnan Fairbanks supervises scenes for "The Iron Horse" on a live one.

sir, he has. And now he can take passengers. Ben is a terrific air enthusiast and is out every day he isn't working. It was awful while he was on location because he had no time to practice but he flew back in a mail plane and got started bright and early the next morning. His first passenger was his chauffeur. Ben told Marie Prevost that he would fly over the Pathe studios at noon and wave, but he got an earlier start than he expected and the company was still working on the sound stage when the drone of his motor put a stop to everything. Everyone ran out to try and get the number of the plane that was flying so low over a sound stage. Eddie Quillan's sharp eyes discerned the number 5013. "Why, that's Ben Lyon's plane," said Marie, and they gave the new pilot three cheers—that he couldn't hear.

* * *

Fred Niblo has discovered that, after all, the actors do all the work. This is how he happened to find it



☞ Laura La Plante went calling over at the First National Studio—to watch Colleen Moore work and incidentally to say hello to her director-husband, William Seiter.

out. Jimmie Cruze was making "A Man's Man" with William Haines and Josephine Dunn, and it seems that in the picture, these two go to the opening of "White Shadows of the South Seas" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. As usual, Fred Niblo was a master of ceremonies and announced the celebrities as they arrived over the radio. When Bill Haines and Josephine Dunn appeared Mr. Cruze took shots of them listening in and admiring all the screen stars that Mr. Niblo was announcing. Later, at the studio, closeups of this scene had to be taken and Mr. Niblo told his friend Jimmie that he would turn actor for an afternoon.

On the day appointed Mr. Niblo gave his own outfit a half holiday and donning evening clothes skipped over to fulfill his engagement.

Jimmie Cruze 'shot' twelve scenes in half an hour, an unheard-of thing for most directors—and even Mr. Cruze had to hurry. Mr. Niblo walked off the set with a perspiring brow. "I thought I worked, but you are a punisher, Jim. I never slaved so in my life." This being Mr. Niblo's bow to the public as a picture actor he now throws his sympathies with all actors in the



☞ Bebe Daniels is said to be the best bridge player in Hollywood. Here she is explaining some fine points to Jean Arthur, Lane Chandler, Clara Bow, Doris Hill, Robert Castle, and Neil Hamilton.

future. "Particularly those who work for Jimmie," he adds.

This seems to be the first time in motion picture history that one director has worked in a scene for another director. King Vidor recently appeared in "Show People" starring Marion Davies, but he directed that himself.

* * *

Carroll Nye hasn't a moment to call his own so much is he in demand these days. His next is a two-reel talker, "Confession," and the first to introduce Lionel Barrymore as a director. Carroll is to play a heavy and was fixing himself up as the traditional 'bad actor.' "Oh, no," said Lionel. "Not a heavy heavy—just a medium-weight one. The sort of boy who annoys brothers, don't you know."

* * *

Ruth Chatterton has knocked Paramount right between the eyes. They are mad about her, talking or silent. What a break for a woman! Her first talker is Sir James M. Barrie's "Half an Hour" directed by William De Mille. I think the title is changed to "The Doctor's Secret."

* * *

Patsy Ruth Miller has turned inventor. The boys have such a time at the studio to light their cigarettes that Patsy has taken pity on them. She took a little block of wood, fastened a candle to it and a box of matches along side of it.



☞ Phyllis Haver and Alan Hale share starring honors with a brand-new member of the cast.

Presto! The thing is no sooner said than done, and a match in the hand is worth two lighters at home on the highboy.

* * *

When Aileen Pringle was a child she incurred the deep displeasure of her teacher because she used her hands constantly when talking. "Keep your hands still, my child," said the good lady, "people will think you have no vocabulary!" And poor Aileen kept her little hands locked tightly behind her back in the vain effort to let her tongue do all the work, an impossible task for a child with Latin blood. But now those natural gestures help her put over a part.

* * *

Mrs. Wallace Reid has taken up the megaphone in earnest, swelling our list of women directors to three, now that Lois Weber has retired. The first is Dorothy Arzner, the second Elizabeth Pickett. And now Dorothy Reid. Her first effort is "Linda," with a cast that includes Warner Baxter, Helen Foster and Noah Beery.

I was surprised to find that instead of the languid lady I had for some reason pictured her to be, Mrs. Reid is a smartly tailored little person who, wore, that day, a tightly fitting soft blue felt hat over crisply curling bobbed hair. Her grip is hard, her smile quick and flashing and her step buoyant with the joy of living.

* * *

Poor little Eva von Berne! After all the ballyhoo, she has been let go and told she can return to her native country

any time she wants to. The little Austrian girl, 'discovered' by Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg during their European honeymoon trip, and brought over here with a great burst of publicity, appeared in only one picture—"Mask of the Devil," opposite John Gilbert—and then only after she had reduced to fit the role. Eva, they say, reduced 'so drastically that she was ill for a while. Then she finally made the picture, only to be told, while she was hoping for another part, that she wasn't just the type. Her contract didn't expire until December but the company released her in October and she sailed for home. She was a self-possessed youngster and always said that even if she didn't make a hit in Hollywood, she would have had a fine trip out of it, anyway!

* * *

Hollywood turned out *en masse* to welcome Marion Davies home. But wait a minute—*en masse* isn't strictly accurate. Only Hollywood's elite are welcomed among Marion's friends; and so the welcome committee consisted only of those stars who are in the movie's Who Who. A group composed of Chaplin, Harry Crocker, Harry D'Arrast, Samuel Goldwyn and his wife, and Louella Parsons gave a big party for Miss Davies, al-



☞ She goes to work—we mean, "She Goes to War." Eleanor Boardman returns to pictures as the heroine of a Henry King production. Welcome back, Eleanor!



☞ Samuel Goldwyn, proud professional papa of this quartet of famous stars: Vilma Banky, Walter Byron, Lily Damita, and Ronald Colman.

most as soon as she'd set foot in Los Angeles again. She's Hollywood's favorite child.

They say that Phyllis Haver's voice registers practically 100 per cent perfect over the 'mike.' And Phyllis' voice exactly matches her personality. It's striking.

Have Bebe Daniels and Paramount come to the well-known parting of the ways? It looks that way. They say that upon the completion of another picture Bebe will leave the lot where she has practically grown up and established herself as one of the screen's premier comediennes, and make a new cinema connection. It won't seem natural around the studio with Bebe gone.

Ramon Novarro has just signed a contract with M.G.M. that gives him a great deal of pleasure. For six months of the year he is to make pictures and the other six months he is to do as he pleases, and he pleases first to appear in "Tosca" with The Berlin Opera Company in Germany immediately after his next picture, "The Pagan," is completed. The story by John Russell is to be directed by W. S. Van Dyke and



Chic Sale welcomes two other funny fellows, Clark and McCullough, to Hollywood, where they'll make Movietones.

photographed in the Isle of Hilo out Honolulu way. What a tough break these actors have!

George Jessel signed a contract yesterday to make his first feature length sound picture.

Jessel, the original 'Jazz Singer,' stage star, vaudeville headliner and singer of homely melodies, will appear in a special production called "Lucky Boy" that will be in every sense of the word a talking picture.

This means, it is announced, that there will be dialogue sequences, musical interpolations and the star will sing a half dozen songs that are tied up with his name.



Josephine Dunn's new roadster dressing-room. This innovation in make-up boxes fits on the door of any automobile and is easily attached and removed.

Song," where he will divide his time between the stage and the picture, probably going to the coast later to make part of the production.

Many of the sequences will be made in lower New York with the roar or the East Side caught by Tiffany-Tone and the sunlight and shadows of east of Broadway shown through the camera.



Director Fred Niblo makes his movie debut as an actor in William Haines' picture, "A Man's Man." He's the man behind the microphone, with John Gilbert beside him and Greta Garbo at the side in the white wrap.



Gloria Lloyd objects being called 'Baby'; she says she's a big girl now!

Jessel's only appearance in sound pictures has been in two short subjects in which he presented part of his vaudeville act.

Jessel is now appearing on the stage in New York in "The War



Will Rogers is pinch-hitting for Fred Stone in "Three Cheers," with Fred's dancing daughter, Dorothy.

Three Cheers *for* Will Rogers!

*Your Old
Friend in a
New Role.*

IN big electric lights above Broadway these nights you'll see a sign that reads: "Will Rogers Pinch-Hitting for Fred Stone in Three Cheers with Dorothy Stone." That's all. But there's a story back of it that Broadway likes to talk about. A story of friendship and gallantry and good will among actors who are also good fellows. Fred Stone, famous stage comedian, and Will Rogers have been friends for years.

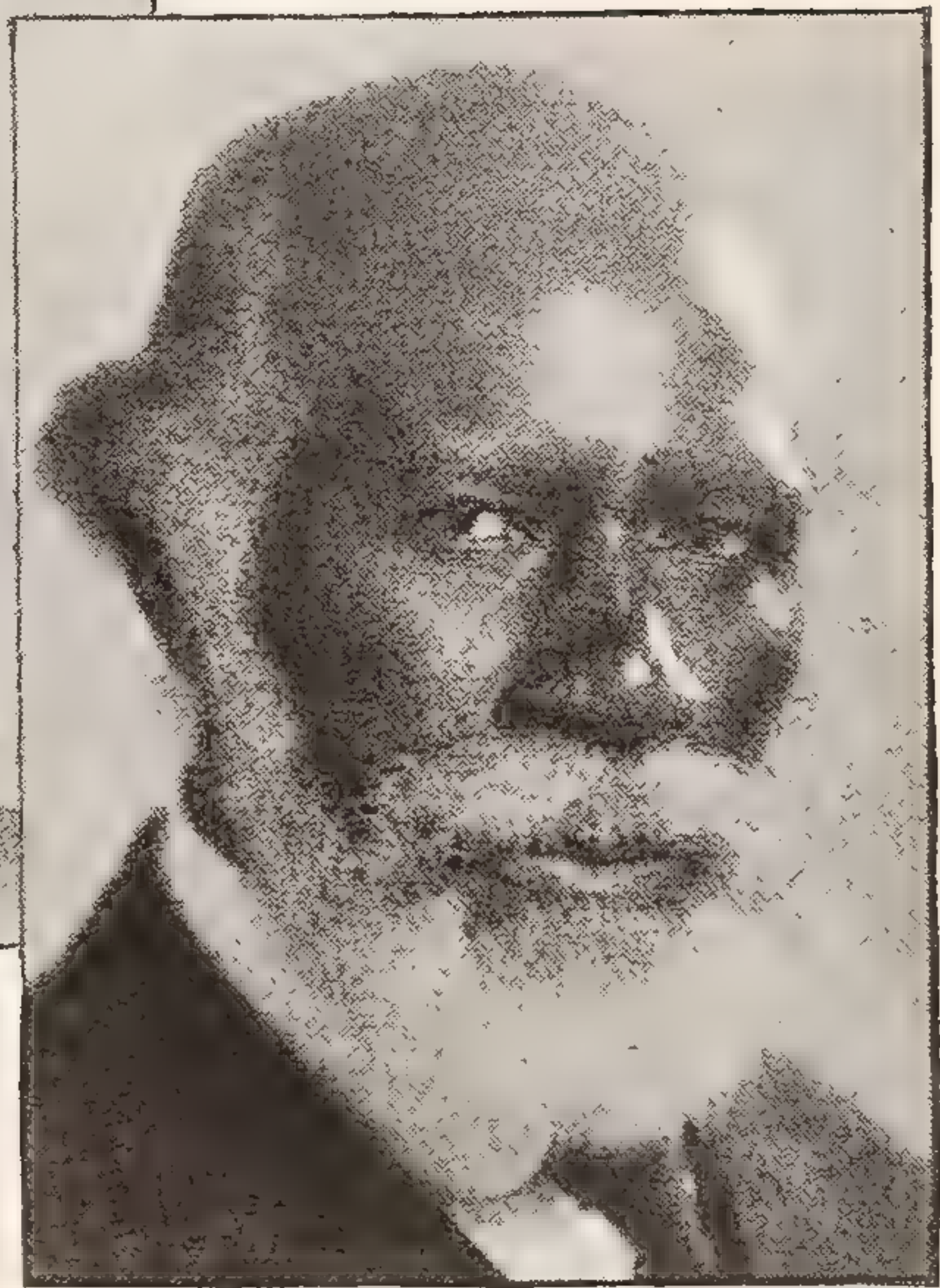
Fred is better known on the stage than the screen. Will, the humorous, gum-chewing comedy philosopher, divides his time between the stage, lecture tours, newspaper reporting, and the screen. You know him as our 'Unofficial Ambassador' to foreign countries via the movies.

Will Rogers was in Hollywood when he heard the bad

news—his friend Fred Stone, on his first flight as a lone pilot, had crashed in his plane and fractured both his dancing legs. And with rehearsals for the new Stone show, "Three Cheers," scheduled to begin immediately.

Will Rogers had other engagements. But he forgot all about them. He wired C. B. Dillingham, the producer: "I'll go into the show to pinch-hit for Fred until he can dance again."

So it was that Will Rogers became a song-and-dance man—in his own inimitable way. Rogers made it possible for "Three Cheers" to open in time. The only condition he made was that the billing read: "Will Rogers, Pinch-Hitting for Fred Stone." He wants the audience to remember Fred!



¶ Vidor has assembled these players for "Hallelujah": Fannie De Knight, Daniel Haynes, Honey Brown, and Harry Gray, eight-six years old and formerly a slave.

"Hallelujah!"

¶ About King Vidor's New Picture

By Val Lewton

"WHY didn't I think of that?" is the probable query of the film impresarios as they throw a glance over the studio fence and see King Vidor hard at work on "Hallelujah," the first serious picture to be made with an all-Negro cast, and which will bring the sweet sounds of plantation melodies, the furious cadences of revival meetings and the weird tones of Negro spirituals to those theatres which are equipped with sound devices. It is generally conceded in Hollywood that the young director of "The Big Parade" has picked the subject and theme most suitable for representation in sound pictures.

One can hardly think of the Negro without thinking of his influence on American music; one can hardly picture him at work without at the same time imagining the song on his lips. Therefore, it is clear that the Negro

of all the races and classes which make up a part of the American scene is the one whose story should be told by means of sound pictures.

Vidor, a Southerner, has for a long time looked forward to the day when he could film the first all-colored film. With the advent of sound pictures he saw his opportunity

to make such a film opened to him in a more effective way than he had hoped for. Having once made up his mind to film a Negro story, Vidor, who holds that motion pictures should be written with a camera rather than with a pen, began to revive his memories of the South and of Negro life. Soon he had recalled enough incidents to furnish him with one of the most dramatic stories ever prepared for motion pictures.

The music and tempo of the "spirituals"; the work songs, the hymns, the heart-breaking "blues"—will all be recorded.



¶ The young director of "The Big Parade," King Vidor, himself a Southerner, rehearses Honey Brown and Daniel Haynes for "Hallelujah," his all-colored epic.

A DICTIONARY *for*

¶ *By Popular Demand—A New Edition of Screenland's Dictionary.*



pleas'ant. Ben Lyon

Having, or characterized by, pleasing manners, behavior, or appearance; agreeable; as a *pleasant* fellow. No matter what he plays Ben agrees with the public taste. In fact, we can't think of a more thoroughly agreeable fellow. Ben has taken to flying.



out-lines. Olive Borden

Contour. Nobody ever had to cultivate a taste for this particular Olive, especially when she plays one of those artist's models she specializes in. Olive's art has nothing to do with paint but a lot to do with form.



u-nique'. Polly Moran

Being without a like or equal; single in kind or excellence; sole. (Not file.) There's only one Polly. She's the shamrock of comedy and in "Honeymoon" she once more proves her supremacy.

† **chic.** Lily Damita

Artistic cleverness; good form; style. No one who has met Mlle. Lily in the flesh or on the screen can deny she is the epitome of good form—in fact her form is simply elegant. She's the Parisienne par excellence, ne plus ultra, etc. She's Ronald Colman's heroine in "The Rescue."



soul. Ramon Novarro

Inspirer; moving spirit; nobility. In the history of the world perhaps only one man has ever won girlish hearts by being soulful—and that one man is Ramon Novarro. He's a hero!



vi-va'cious. Sue Carol

Active, animated, sportive, light-hearted. Sue is never still. She is always all a-quiver: maybe because her screen career started as a harem dancer in "Soft Cushions." Now she is one of our foremost sub-debs.



suave. William Powell

Blandly pleasing; supple; urbanely persuasive. He plays underworld kings as no other actor can—he is silken and smooth and while he always gets his, he takes his medicine as if he likes it. The good sport among villains.



the Movie FAN



tem-pes'tu-ous. Baclanova
Stormy; turbulent; violent. The stunning Russian lady has swept like a little Revolution across our screens. From "The Street of Sin" to "Forgotten Faces" she has blazed her ruthless way into our esteem.



sweet. Esther Ralston

Arousing pleasing emotions; hence, dear or beloved. Or both—or all of 'em. The emotions Esther roused when she played Mother Darling in "Peter Pan" have never waned and she's now a star. Her sweetness lasts.



whole'some. Harold Lloyd

Sound; healthy. No matter how many roles he plays he will always be "Grandma's Boy" to us. His pictures have brought him millions, in friends and in dollars; but he stays the same unspoiled Harold. Here's to him!



spar-king. Renee Adoree

Emitting sparks; flashing; lively. Melisande of "The Big Parade" will always be the doughboys' best girl. Little Renee of the big eyes and heart bubbles as enticingly as the best champagne from her own gay land.

¶ *How Well Do You Know Your Adjectives? Here's a Fresh Assortment.*

ro-man'tic. John Gilbert

Of or pertaining to romance; fanciful; extravagant; fantastic; wild. When you think of John Gilbert you think of headstrong princes—as Danilo in "The Merry Widow" of wicked memory—a young man who knows what he wants—and takes it.



temp-ta'tion. Greta Garbo

That which tempts; allure-ment, enticement. It was in the title role of "The Temptress" that Greta Garbo made her American bow. She carried on in "Flesh and the Devil"—and the nicest thing about Greta is that she's always yielding to her own temptation.



ver'sa-tile.

Norma Talmadge

Turning with ease from one thing to another; many-sided; as *versatile* genius. Anyone who can tickle her audiences as "Kiki," then turn right around and make them cry as "Camille," is versatile, no doubt about it.





☞ Fay Wray is wearing unique earrings made from an old East Indian belt, which were once traded to a Norwegian sailor for a \$1 American watch.

LOT TALK

took one look at Farrell, and his diminutive boss soon had to take a couple of looks for another valet.

'Little Billy' shares the featured roles of "The Sideshow" with Marie Prevost and Ralph Graves. Erle C. Kenton is directing.

* * *

Now Hollywood film players have something else to worry about. They used to complain about 'the face on the cutting room floor,' which meant that scenes in which they appeared before the camera failed to reach the screen. With the coming of talking pictures, a new nightmare presents itself. Not only are they apt to lose their favorite scenes, but their choicest bits of dialogue are liable to be sacrificed to the cutter's shears. Before long we will be hearing sad tales about 'the voice on the cutting room floor.'

FILM beauties may be emotionally magnetic, but they cannot wear costumes that are electrically magnetic if they are to succeed in the new talking pictures.

For instance, Dorothy Mackaill was playing a cabaret dancer in scenes for "His Captive Woman," the George Fitzmaurice production in which Milton Sills is co-starred. In some scenes there was a static crackling in the microphones.

"What are you wearing under that costume?" one of the engineers asked her. Miss Mackaill told him. That ended the difficulty, for the offending garments were replaced with others not so static.

In another picture, "Naughty Baby," in which Alice White and Jack Mulhall are co-featured, a similar question was put to Miss White.

Her answer, with a blush, was: "Nothing—that has silk in it."

The fabrics in her dress materials were found to be too soft to broadcast. Then the electrical engineer had an inspiration.

"It's your hair," he said. "Put some oil on it. That's where this static is coming from," he said as he ran his fingers through her shock of blonde hair.

And so silk-wear and dry hair are taboo on the talking stages.

* * *

Every man has an achievement of which he is proud. 'Little Billy' is the most famous midget in the amusement world. And he claims he was instrumental in bringing Charles Farrell to the screen. When Little Billy, who left a Broadway play to be featured in "The Sideshow," travelled to the Coast for the first time, Charles, he says, went along as his valet. The motion picture magnates

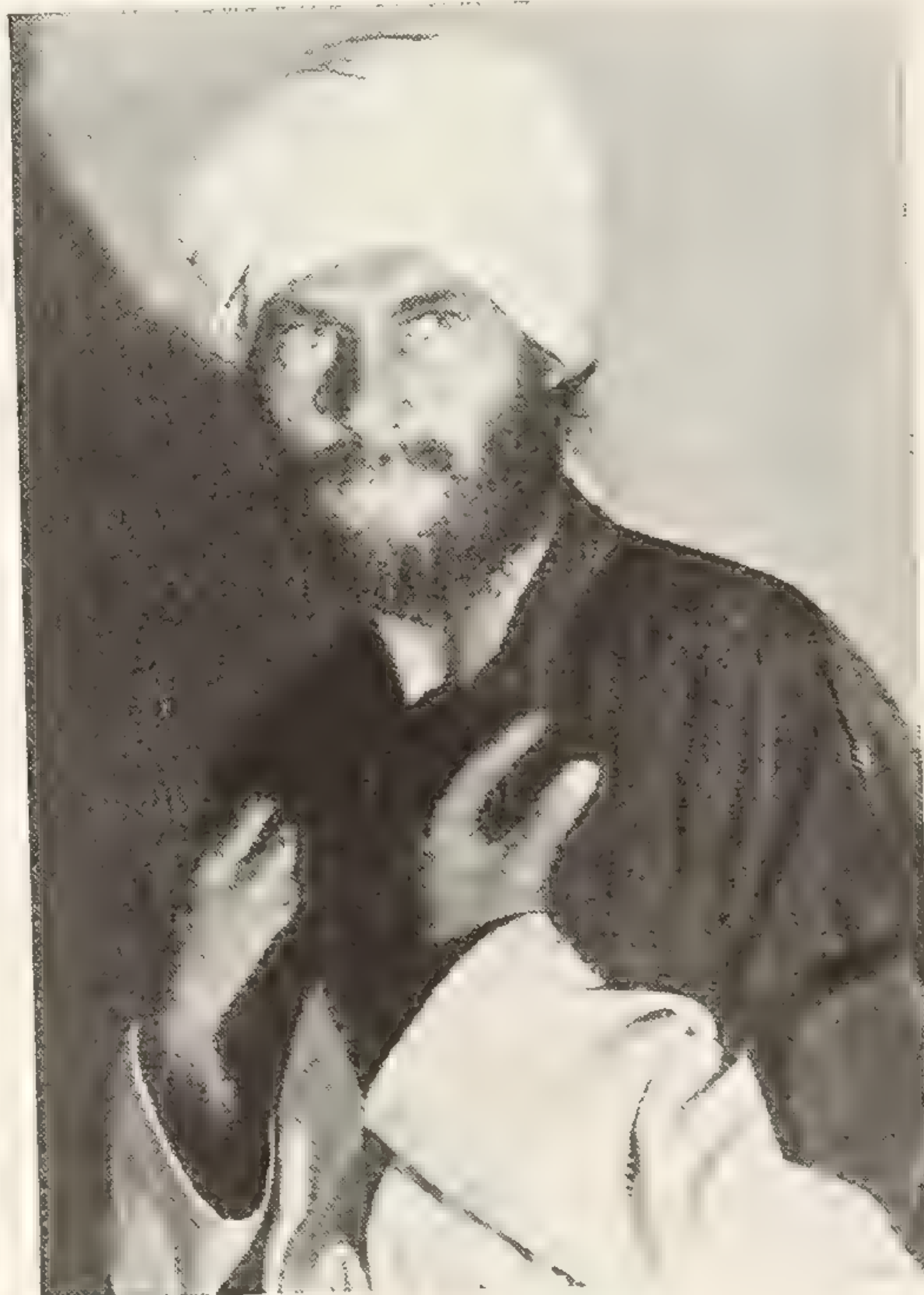
This actually happened a day or two ago when William C. De Mille was filming a scene for "The Doctor's Secret," based on Sir James M. Barrie's play, "Half an Hour," which features Ruth Chatterton, H. B. Warner, Robert Edeson and John Loder. Loder was called upon to be run over by a motor truck. A crowd was to collect and their excited voices were to be heard as they gathered around Loder's body. De Mille was careful to select extras with English accents, for the setting of the picture is in London, but it happened that a too thoroughly Americanized player got close to the microphone. When the film was shown later in the projection room the extra was heard to say: "Stand back, you eggs, and let the poor bimbo get some air!" His is the first case of "A voice on the cutting room floor."

* * *

Hundreds of motion picture extras had an opportunity to eat and drink—cider and near beer—all they wanted recently when Ernst Lubitsch staged a Swiss masquerade party as sequences in his new production, starring John Barrymore. The picture is being made under the working title of "King of the Mountains."

The festivities lasted all day and most of the night, and by the time Lubitsch had completed the dancing and feasting scenes, many of the merry-makers were so full of Swiss edibles and beverages that they declared their intention of fasting for a week.

Extras, garbed in every conceivable



☞ George Bancroft or Wallace Beery! No, no! It's Richard Arlen all dressed up for his role in "The Four Feathers," the picture directed by Cooper and Schoedsack who made "Grass."

Q Last minute news notes about what's happen- ing in screenland.

kind of fantastic masquerade costume, at first needed no urging when the director told them to dive into the food and drink. But as the day wore on, and the action was shot again and again from different angles, eating and drinking became an ordeal. Lubitsch, a stickler for detail, kept the studio commissary department busy replenishing tables with mountains of food and barrels of what was supposed to be heady wine and beer, but what was in reality cider and near-beer.

Barrymore himself, Camilla Horn, leading lady; Victor Varconi, Mona Rico and other principals had to consume their share. Hobart Bosworth alone escaped the drinking detail; he's a clergyman in the Alpine romance.

* * *

Pat Rooney, stage comedian and song and dance man, has been signed for sound pictures. Marian Bent, his wife and stage partner and Pat Rooney, 3rd, have also been engaged.

The contract obtains their exclusive services in the presentation of movietone novelties for a period of several years. Comedies of sophisticated home life will be prepared in continuity and dialogue by Edgar Allan Woolf, noted playwright and stage producer.

The Rooneys are now playing in vaudeville in and around New York. The present tour will be completed by the first of the year, at which time they will leave for Universal City and commence production January 15th.

Pat Rooney is the son of the original Pat Rooney of a preceding generation; one of the highest salaried vaudeville favorites of his day. Pat was raised on the stage where he learned all the tricks of his noted father and his talented mother, Josephine Grainger, the popular soubrette of that day.

Rooney has been on the stage for twenty-five years. Mere mention of that popular song, "She's The Daughter of Rosie Grady," recalls to two generations the names of Pat Rooney and Marian Bent as does "The Sidewalks of New York" recall another favorite son.

* * *

The most unusual and dramatic use of sound yet employed in the making of talking pictures has just been achieved by Benjamin Glazer to record the beating of a baby's heart as the infant hovers between life and death in a striking scene in "Sal of Singapore," starring Phyllis Haver.

Already a tense scene as silent drama, its dramatic power is greatly increased as the audience actually hears the throbbing of the little heart while Phyllis Haver and Alan Hale hold their ears to the baby's breast.

Thump! Thump! Thump! it beats. Then as the illness reaches a crisis the beat grows fainter and more irregular. Finally it ceases altogether, and after what seems to be an interminable silence the audience hears a faint beating again and realizes that the baby has pulled through.

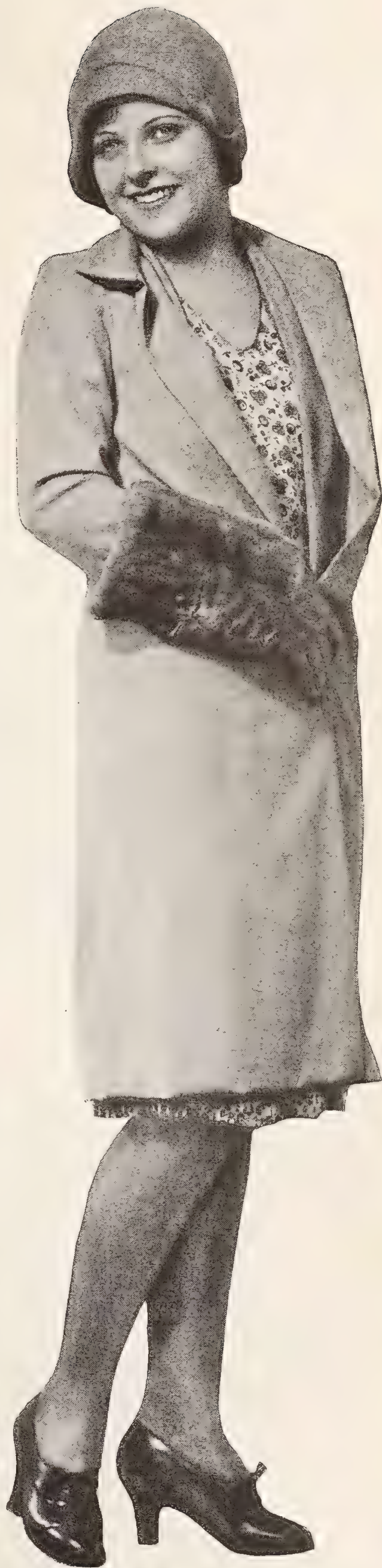
The way in which such a scene was recorded is a secret that only the special Photophone experts who made it know; but needless to say it was accomplished without danger to baby Rosemary Wilson, who plays such an important part in this production.

* * *

During the recent nine-week personal appearance tour in the East just completed by 'Our Gang,' the youngsters did 287 performances in the largest theatres of the Eastern states, playing to approximately 1,516,700 paid admissions. Adding in the thousands who thronged the streets everywhere, the additional thousands who were turned away from theatres, and the crowds of people who saw them at various appearances, visits to schools, orphanages, children's hospitals and impromptu receptions the warmth and volume of the 'Our Gang' welcome are said to have exceeded all advance expectations.

It is a safe bet, their several mentors report, that no children anywhere ever had a more exciting trip. Added to their joy at breaking theatre records with startling regularity, they had a jolly good time all the way. They were feted and dined under most interesting circumstances.

In Detroit they were the guests of the Ford plant, investigating the big factory from top to bottom and even taking a joy ride in one of Mr. Ford's planes.



Q "Hello, there!" says Barbara Kent. This is the young lady who plays in "Lonesome," but how could she ever be?

ASK ME!

By
Miss Vee Dee

Here's the Questions-and-Answers Girl All Dressed Up in a New Department!

Miss Vee Dee is so popular we had to give her more space. She will answer your questions as soon as possible, but every letter must await its turn. If you desire a personal reply by mail from her, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.



Clara Bow and Bebe Daniels are the most popular stars among Miss Vee Dee's correspondents this month. They're nice girls and good friends.

YVONNE VAN B. of Anvers, Belgium. Here's a pretty 'how-de-do,' but you can't fool me, Cherie. *Je me'en fiche*; or as our great-grandmothers used to say, "I should worry!" Florence Vidor is not the wife of Clive Brook. Florence was married on August 20, 1928, to the world-renowned violinist, Jascha Heifetz. Johnny Hines is not the husband of the charming Bessie Love or of any other fair charmer. Bebe Daniels is not married and as far as I know, not engaged as we sail into our air-port. Bebe made a flying trip to New York City, gave us 'the once over,' and back again to Hollywood to work until January, when she goes to Europe for a long vacation.

A Reader from Alabama. How tall is a screen star without her shoes? Tush-tush, gentle reader, that's a very ticklish subject. Leatrice Joy is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Billie Dove is 5 feet 5 inches. Bebe Daniels is 5 feet 3½ inches. Alice Terry is 5 feet 6. Marion Davies is 5 feet 4½. Renee Adoree is 5 feet 3. Maria Corda is 5 feet 3. Jetta Goudal is 5 feet 7 and Vilma Banky is 5 feet 2 inches tall. What a head for figures you must have. It's quite a feat!

Mozelle of Roanoke, Texas. You have been told that William Powell has brown hair and blue eyes, but you want the 'you-know-what' about him. Now here's my Big Moment. William was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. (The city that's filled with smoke, but don't breathe it!) He is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has appeared in "Beau Geste," "Love's Greatest Mistake," "Nevada," and "She's a Sheik." Dick Barthelmess, Ronny Colman and Bill Powell are great chums. Wouldn't they be a riot on your Main Street?

Clara Bow the 2nd of Logansport, Ind. By popular consent that title was wished on you so why try to reject 'it?' Do I think you will ever be an actress? I do not like to commit myself or broadcast bread upon the waters and get hit with the usual stone, but you have the same chance that thousands of other girls have and with the 'Clara Bow back-ground' you should be able to fan your way into fame. Clara is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has brown eyes and red hair. Colleen Moore has one brown and one blue eye, brown hair and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Louise Brooks has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Betty Bronson has brown hair,

blue eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Alice White has reddish-gold hair but I don't know her other good points. Your home-town girl, Ann Christy, (real name, Gladys Cronin), has not sent me her life history. She was Harold Lloyd's sprightly sweetheart in "Speedy."

E. H. W. of Hartford, Conn. Yes, I'm the Big Splash in this department for divers reasons, but don't ask me! Renee Adoree was born in 1901 in Lille, France. She was in "The Michigan Kid" with Conrad Nagel and with John Gilbert in "The Cosacks," also in "Tide of Empire" with George Duryea and William Collier, Jr. You will see William Powell with Louise Brooks and Jean Arthur in "The Canary Murder Case."

Wichita Slim of Kansas. So you are the hot news to all the fat guys, are you? Gertrude Olmstead was born in Chicago, Ill. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 117 pounds. She has chestnut brown hair and gray-blue eyes. You can write her at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Gertrude was in "The Hit of the Show" with Joe Brown, Gertrude Astor, and that adorable cut-up, Daphne Pollard. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va.

She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 110 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Address her at Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal. Nancy Carroll was born in New York City. Her real name is Nancy Lahiff. In private life she is the wife of Jack Kirkland, the scenario writer. You can reach her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue Eyes of Mapletown, Pa. You have waited a long time to write to your favorite, Marion Davies, and now in desperation you appeal to me for help. To be exact, you want me to whisper the sweet word that will wring a letter from Marion. I can't promise anything as grand as that but don't be scared—drop her a note at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ella L. from Chicago. Slam, bang! Don't shoot. That's just my quiet way of a friendly greeting. Leslie Fenton was in "The Showdown" and "The Drag Net." He was born in Liverpool, England. He has been called a scholar, poet, and actor. He attracted the attention of the fans with his work in "What Price Glory" as Lieutenant Moore. His latest release is "The First Kiss," starring Gary Cooper and Fay Wray. You will see your favorite, Joseph Schildkraut, as Gaylord Ravenal in the Universal production of "Show Boat." He was chosen from among a number of fine players for that rôle. Cullen Landis and Rex Lease are not brothers. Cullen has made a big hit in the first 'all-talking' film, "Lights of New York."

Sally Mc. of Leona, N. J. Some one has given you a couple of wrong numbers. Now listen to me! Buddy Rogers was born August 13, 1905, and is 6 feet tall, has black hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is "Varsity" and his next one is "Some one to Love." That will stop traffic, but not Buddy. Richard Arlen was born in Virginia in 1899. He is to be seen with Fay Wray in "Four Feathers." Richard can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

A Future Star from N. J. You can put any expression on your face but can you take it off? If you are a full-fledged aviator at the age of 16, a good actor, and have the determination to get in pictures, the ups and downs of a movie career should not floor you. Hop off, Buddy, and take a test. Some of the Eastern studios are opening for sound pictures and you may get a hearing. Good luck to you and lots of it.

Just Nellie, Philadelphia. I'm smacked right down with all your questions. Do I like answering letters? I like nothing better. Think that over. Donald Keith is about 25 years old. His real name is

Francis Feeney. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Bebe Daniels and James Hall were injured while making "The Fifty-Fifty Girl" but they are all okay now. Bebe has made "Hot News" and "Take Me Home" since she was laid up for repairs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is 18 years old. Charles Farrell is 26. Madge Bellamy is 22. Mary Pickford is 35. William Boyd is 30. Mary Brian is 20. Esther Ralston is 24 and Clara Bow is 23 years old.

A. Connor from Manitoba. You wouldn't give a fig for all your dates when George O'Brien pictures come to town! He weighs 145 pounds, is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. He was born in San Francisco, Cal., in 1900. "Paid to Love" and "East Side, West Side" are two of your favorite's well-known successes. George has a long-term contract with Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal., but was loaned to Warner



More questions were asked of Miss Vee Dee about Richard Barthelmess than about any other male star this month. Here's Dick grabbing a bite between scenes on location for "Scarlet Seas."

Bros. for their special production of "Noah's Ark."

Won'dring Anne of Pleasantville, N. J. You think I must be hounded with questions — believe me or refuse, I'm going straight to the bow-wows. Harrison Ford can be found at the Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal. Madge Kennedy and Alice Brady have not been in pictures for quite some time but are on the stage. Bryant Washburn appears with Lila Lee in "A Bit of Heaven," a film released by one of the smaller companies. Ethel Clayton and Ian Keith did a turn in vaudeville; right now Ian is a hit in a stage play on Broadway: "The Command Performance." Ruth Chatterton, the well-known stage star and ex-wife of Ralph Forbes, is Emil Janning's leading lady in "Sins of the Fathers." Elliot Dexter is in vaudeville, presenting a speaking version of an old Famous Players picture, "Something to Think About."

Kathleen G. of Philadelphia. Where is that big handsome blond boy, Arnold Gray? That's what I want to know. Has anyone seen Arnold? My last record of him is

with Kathleen Collins in "Fangs of Fate." And where is Rosalind Fuller? At present you can say she's a quickie cutie but 'if the producers will give her a chance, that baby will be hard to stop.' Just try and do it. Your grand words of praise for my department put quite a crimp in my inferiority complex. I'll pass the good word along to Rosa Reilly, as one of SCREENLAND's best bets. We thank you. And if I hear from any eighteen-year-olds in either Richmond, Va., or Charleston, S. C., I'll surely let you know.

D. B. of Mattoon, Ill. Why take a year to write a novel when you can buy one for 50 cents? My word! I never thought of that. Jean Paige has married and retired from the screen some time ago. I have no information on Monroe Salisbury. Estelle Taylor was born in Wilmington, Delaware, but she doesn't say when. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes.

She is playing on the stage just now with her husband, Jack Dempsey, in "The Big Fight"; but she says she will be back on the screen soon, probably in a talkie.

Mary B. of Montreal. Will I give you the high lights on your favorites? I ask you, can I do anything else in this gloom-chasing department? Here is where we snap our fingers at care and laugh at the merry-go-round of trouble. I don't blame you a tidbit for trying to follow up Sue Carol but you'll have a hard time catching her for she's "Chasing Through Europe" with Nick Stuart. Just the title of her new picture. But write her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Holly-

wood, Cal., and she will be glad to read your letter. Sue was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1908. She is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown hair and big dark brown eyes. William Boyd's next film is "Masquerade" with Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal.

Violet W. of Oakland, Cal. I want to answer you the worst way about your friend who went into the movies in 1913, but with such a slight clue to work on, I haven't been able to locate her. I'm some little detective and I seldom lose a case, gin-erally speaking—but I must toddle along on that one.

Ruth Viola from Indianapolis. You're right; I'm the interpreter, the Who's Who and When of this department. To say nothing of 'And How.' H. B. Warner, one of our finest actors of the screen, was born in St. John's Woods, London, England. Before coming to America in 1905 he appeared with many of the famous English stars on the stage. He was in "Sorrel and Son" and plays with Corinne Griffith in "The Divine Lady." He is now making

(Continued on page 108)

The Garbo Girl Sways the Mode—Continued from page 27

fascination remain on the screen, for her alone.

The Garbo figure, of course, is the foundation for the Garbo modes. Greta Garbo might be classified, anatomically, as a tall, attenuated girl, with a supple young body and with no spare flesh on her well-made frame. This is the type that seems to be overshadowing the rounded little creatures of some years ago. One important trait of the Garbo figure—there are no bulging hips. So it can be seen that the long straight silhouette is the basis of any design. Often the tall girl seeks to minimize her height—and personally I think this is a mistake.

Let us, first of all, inspect the modes of the early morn.

The girl of the Garbo type should wear pajama ensembles; geometric designs in vivid colors; scarfs wrapped around the head. Sandals or plain mules can be worn with such outfits. Chinese dressing gowns in black with rich embroidery are extremely attractive—and an odd little ring on the finger aids the impression of exotic charm which is one of the rare gifts of this type of girl. As to the hair—a long bob, or knot at the nape of the neck, are the ideal types of hair-dress.

The girl of the Garbo type should NOT wear negligees of taffeta with ruffles, or handmade flowers, dainty pinks or blues, or bandeaus with ribbon streamers. Ostrich plume trimming on dressing gowns ought to be an unpardonable crime for a girl of the Garbo type. Frills don't go with her figure or style, at all.

Now for the street dress. Lovely tweeds in shades of grays and browns, made in ensembles consisting of tailored coats with quite short skirts—tailored satin blouses or woven sweaters, preferably designed in horizontal stripes, suede pull-on gloves—these are the best elements of the Garbo street costume; while medium-low heel Oxfords or one-strap pumps are the ideal footwear for the street.

As to sports wear—the Garbo girl must never wear anything that would come under the descriptive category of 'dainty.' Such things are for flappers, and a Garbo is not a flapper.

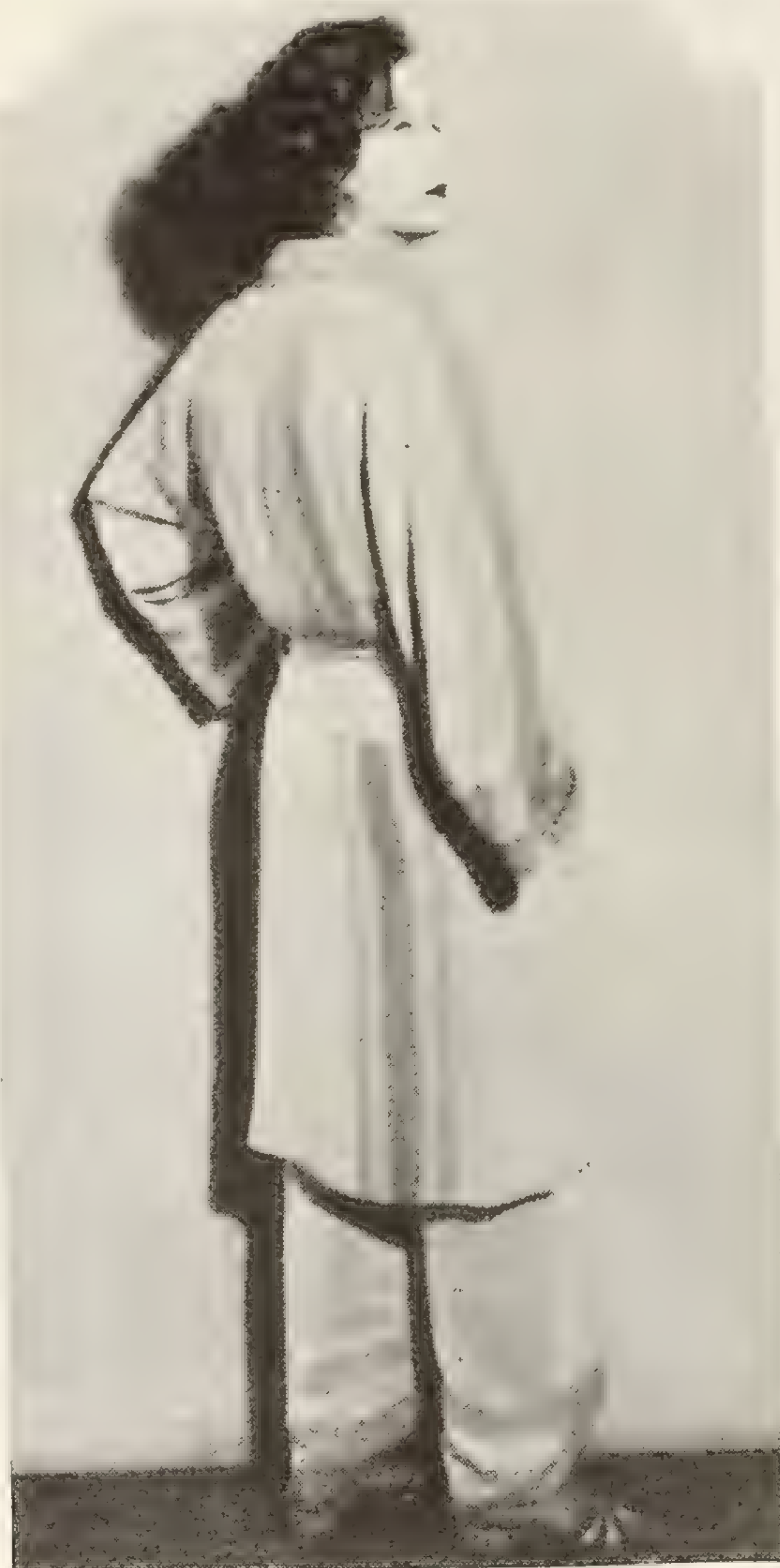
Conservative sports costumes giving an attitude of freedom for movement are essential to this type of girl. Tweed overcoats or homespun materials should be worn with two-piece sports dresses or one-piece dresses trimmed with braiding.

Ensembles in tweed or jersey consisting of short jackets, tailored, with skirts with roomy side pleats and with sweaters in horizontal stripes are effective, in particular, for this type of wearer. Sports furs, made either in coats or short jackets with linings matching the dresses, and cravat scarfs are charming embellishments. These come in beaver, raccoon, astrakhan, and calfskin. Suede or leather coats and the trench coats, are excellent for both sports and rainy weather wear. Cardigan jackets of knitted wool, too, are appropriate for a Garbo.

I remember that I designed a two-piece sports costume in Boi de rose duveten, made with a sleeveless jacket and a short skirt with roomy kick pleats, for Miss Garbo to wear in "A Woman of Affairs." A tucked-in blouse, with boyish collar and leather belt, further carried out the athletic

type of costume in this instance. Topping this was a trench coat of the same material finished with a bright plaid Tuxedo collar. With a bright little muffler encircling the throat and small hat of felt, the costume was complete, and used in scenes depicting yachting and motoring.

Just a word about hats, incidentally, as we discuss costumes with which they go. Miss Garbo's face is well-proportioned;



shaped like an egg, it forms a perfect oval. This oval face, and the tall slender girl usually has it, is ideally adapted to the new lines in millinery. Berets, turban and bonnets are the shapes now in vogue, and any of the three shapes are becoming to a girl of the Garbo type. The berets with wide gros-grain bands are ideal for sports wear and can be worn in the soft felts.

Dressy hats with feather trimmings are well carried off by this more sophisticated type; black hatters' plush with feather brim and side trims may be used to special advantage by the girl with wide-apart eyes. Ostrich feathers used in long curled plumes extending over the shoulder can only be worn by a well-groomed Garbo type. To others, it would be fatal.

Drooping side brims with smaller brim in front, also drooping, and weighted down by satin bows or heavy trimmings, are becoming. They tend to cut off the height and to emphasize the mystery of a half-hidden face. All shades of browns from the blonde shade to a deep negro brown are becoming. Blues in bright electric shades or soft gray blues are good. So are pure grays, orchid, purple, old rose, and

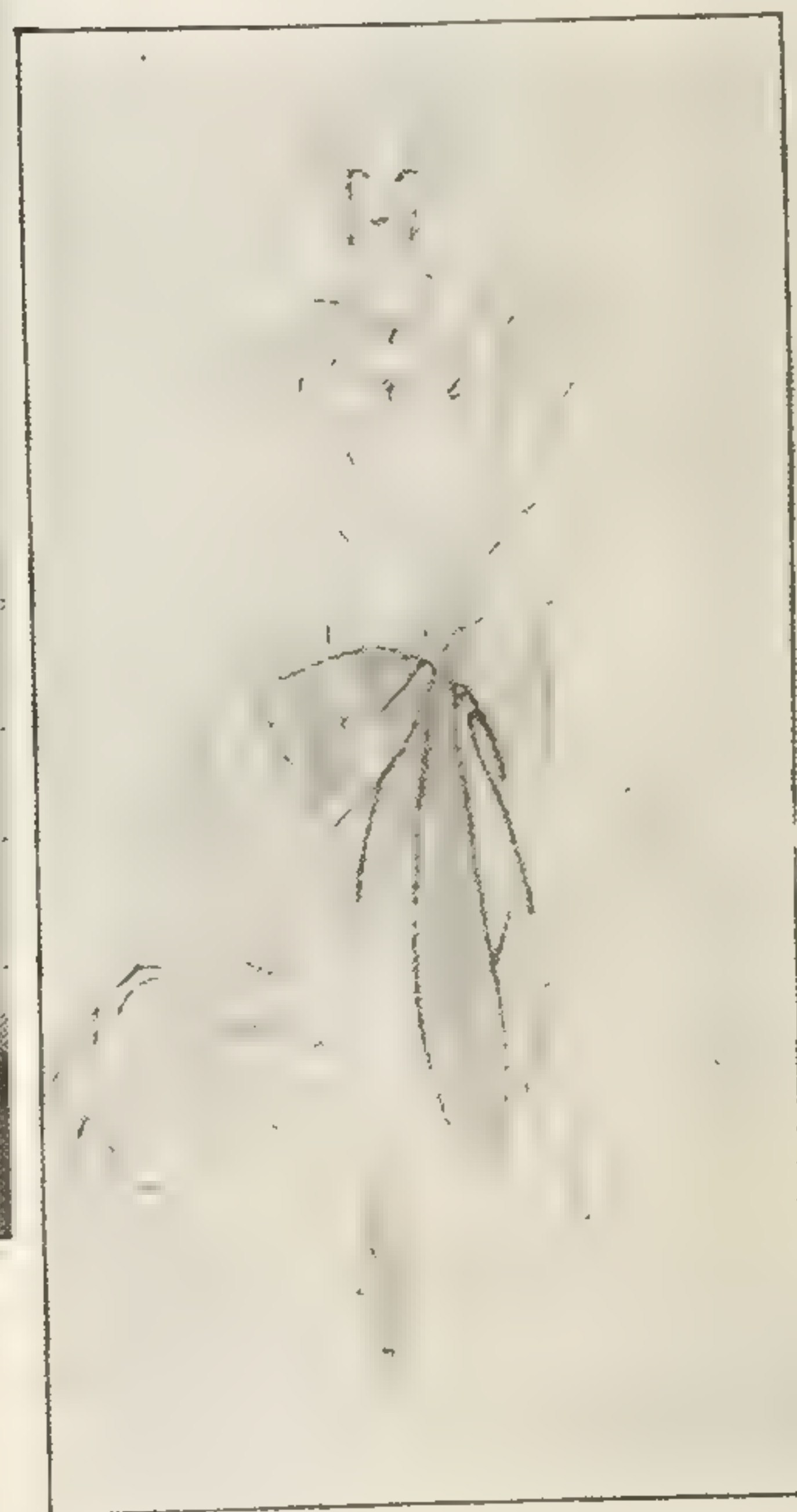
burgundy. But strong, vivid reds must be shunned.

The Garbo girl must never wear her hair puffed out at the sides, but invariably brushed back, even with ears showing. Large pearl earrings add an artistic touch and embellish any form of hat on this particular type of girl.

One of Miss Garbo's favorite costumes is a two-piece dress of dark green camels-hair jersey. The skirt has plaits on the side, and the blouse is in three tones of green. Over this is worn a short suede jacket in green, with an unusual collar, lined with velvet, and a novel scarf. Another of her costumes—and this will illustrate what I said about negligees—is a negligee of fashioned gold cloth and a pajama ensemble.

The formal afternoon frocks of the Garboesque girl must be quiet in color and design. Knife-plaited chiffons or satins, fashioned in dipping lines, are ideal. The hipline should be always snug. Real lace, at the neckline and cuffs, can be effectively used in these costumes, and sleeves should be long and clinging. Sheer hose and unobtrusive pumps are essential.

A great mistake of many girls of the



Greta Garbo posing in the correct pajama ensemble emphasized by Adrian in his article. The drawing is the Horrible Example of what the Garbo type must NOT wear — frills and ribbons and furbelows!

Garbo type is, that they often wish to appear more 'ingenuish' than their type. They become attracted to crisp taffetas. As a matter of fact, this type of material should be studiously avoided, unless fashioned in a clinging design. Puffs and perky bows don't belong to a Garbo. Her evening gowns should be of clinging velvets and moires. Laces are smart, but tulles with their tiers of ruffles may be admired, perhaps, but never worn by her. Solidly beaded gowns are excellent for her type for formal occasions. Scarfs and drapes appearing from the shoulder line give her grace of movement.

Evening wraps are specially interesting for the Garbo type of girl—she has so many to choose from. If she admires the short jacket, for instance, she can appear in one of Russian ermine or moire, or the popular cocktail jacket of spangles. If she wishes a long cape, she can wear the bloused bodice cape with snug line from hips down. (Continued on page 101)

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Grace Kingsley's Gossip—Continued from page 32

willing to turn over to her."

Mrs. Clarence Brown was co-hostess with Phyllis Haver and her mother, and we found that Phyllis had chosen wisely in selecting a whole big apartment house in which to entertain her friends, because that friendship list includes all Hollywood.

Both Phyllis and Mrs. Brown are brilliant hostesses, so the party was sure from the beginning to be the success which it turned out.

The house boasts, in the Spanish style, a huge patio, and though there is a great drawing room for general use, it was in the patio that everybody gathered, just as everybody should in California.

The evening was cool, and there were huge braziers in big kettles filled with coal, to warm the patio, on which, by the way, Marie Prevost, without stockings, burned her leg, and there was a big fire in the drawing room fireplace. A charming pipe organ has been installed in the drawing room, and there later gathered some musical souls, including Price Dunlavey, who plays the organ at United Artists Theater, Walter Pidgeon and Vernon Rickard, who sings, and a group of admirers, listening to the musicians.

There were great tables loaded with food in the patio—the salad, we heard afterward, had been made in one of the bath-tubs!—and there was an orchestra to play for the dancers.

Bert Lytell is supposed to be engaged now to Phyllis Haver, but neither will admit it; but at any rate Bert came early and stayed late.

We wondered how Bert and Claire would get on, but Bert smiled when he saw Phyllis and Claire Windsor later eating together.

"That's democracy!" he remarked.

Claire was escorted by Gino Conti, a very handsome young Italian actor.

Sid Grauman was there and so was Texas Guinan, and Texas exclaimed: "I'm certainly going to take off my shoes and stockings and wade through Sid Grauman's hair before I go back to New York!"

Grauman is a big theater owner in Los Angeles, you know, and one of his most noted physical characteristics is a terrific mop of curly brown hair.

Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead had come from the football game, as had many of the other guests.

I forgot to say that the party was an informal affair, with everybody told to come in their everyday clothes, or at best dinner frocks. So nobody was dolled up, and I'm sure they enjoyed themselves more for that fact.

"It's fun to doll up sometimes," confided Marie Prevost, who looked cute in a white sport suit and tama o'shanter, "but the beauty chase is always a nuisance, and I do love affairs like this!"

I don't know who Sally O'Neil came with, but she was with Buster Collier most of the evening. Buster lives in the apartment house, and he invited a number of the guests to his suite, where Walter Pidgeon entertained with his singing.

Bebe Daniels was there, almost hidden away in a great black droopy hat. I don't know who she came with. She danced three or four times and then went home.

Sally O'Neil ate supper with D. W. Griffith, and then made him come out on the floor and dance. He is a very wonderful dancer, but I'm not sure he wouldn't rather have sat at his table and discussed

talking pictures with Paul Sloane. Paul has just been signed by Fox for Movietone, and is very enthusiastic. As for Griffith, he says that he thinks the silent pictures are done for.

Paul brought his lovely wife, Lillian Sloane, who was once a grand opera singer. After being married twelve years, they had a baby a few months ago. Paul declared, "You know you come home and see a baby carriage in the hall, and, forgetting that, after all those years, you have a child of your own, you wonder who's visiting you!"

Roland Drew was there, having come all by his good-looking lonesome; and there were Sharon Lynn and Barney Glazer, Harvey Barnes, Cornelius Keefe, Al Rogell and Marion Douglas, Norman Kerry, Hugh Allen, Ethelyn Claire, Peggy Prevost, William Russell and Helen Ferguson, Pauline Garon, Darryl Zanuck and Virginia Fox, Jack Warner and his wife, Ben Lyon, Lila Lee, John Davidson, Loris and Finis Fox, Larry Weingarten and his wife, Sylvia Thalberg, Holmes Herbert—looking lonely without his fiancée, Shirley Dorman, who is now in New York—Blanche Sweet, Mike Cudahy, Belle Bennett and Fred Windermere and a lot of others.

Priscilla Dean arrived with her new husband, Lieutenant Arnold, the world flyer.

And Mrs. Maddox, whose husband owns the Maddox planes which fly up and down the coast, told how Priscilla and her husband happened to get married the day they did, down there in Mexico.

"We had flown down in our plane, the four of us," said Mrs. Maddox. "At the hotel at Auga Caliente we found only two rooms. Priscilla and I decided to sleep together, but my husband suddenly remembered it was our wedding anniversary, and declared that he thought it only right under the circumstances that we should be together. So that left nothing for Priscilla and the Lieutenant to do but get married. Isn't that just like one of those old-time farces?"

We sighted Steve Gossoon. Steve used to be engaged to Phyllis, you remember. But she dispensed food and smiles quite impartially to both Bert and Steve.

"I hear it was announced over the radio," remarked Bert, "that Phyllis and I are engaged; but I told her I wasn't going to give up any more jewelry until I find out whether she is really serious or not."

Isabel O'Neil, who lately married John Howard, wealthy business man, came alone. She said her husband wouldn't bring her because she insisted on wearing socks instead of stockings.

Chet Franklin, the director, looked rather lonely, too, without his beautiful wife, Mildred, who is back in New York on a visit at present.

Lupe Velez held court as usual for a lot of men, sitting on a hammock swing until it broke down and precipitated them all to the floor. Then she moved her court into the drawing room. Lupe is an amusing child. She tells about her latest beau with the utmost frankness—whether they are quarreling or not, and just how serious it is, and we heard her exclaim:

"I wouldn't call up any man!"

"She probably doesn't have to," murmured Patsy.

Bert Lytell and Texas Guinan hob-nobbed about New York and New York people, and Texas said to us that she considered Bert "the Peter Pan of the underworld!"

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I COULD never figure out what was wrong with Jim Begley. Knowing him intimately I knew he wasn't the dumb-bell that everybody had him labeled. When alone with me, he was his natural self. On the subject of business, he could sit for hours and tell me how he would like to change things in his company's sales policy. And darn good ideas they were, too! He could be witty as the best of them. He could discuss politics in a very logical way.

But, oh boy! How he'd close up when in a business conference or when talking to strangers! And socially—what a dud he was! He'd sit back like a clam, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. And one night there occurred an incident that crushed his pride. A girl whom I knew Jim admired came up to me and said:—"Say, why don't you leave that wallflower home? He doesn't contribute anything to the fun."

Luckily for Jim, he was standing close by and overheard every word. When the party broke up, Jim had vanished. I called him up next day but the operator told me he had quit his job. I tried to locate him but was unsuccessful, so I soon dropped him from my mind.

A Chance Encounter

One night about a year later I heard some one calling me from a passing automobile. I turned around and—lo and behold! Here's Jim. Sitting at the wheel of a snappy red sport coupe, dressed like a fashion plate and looking like a million dollars. Observing my astonishment, he winked and said hastily—"All questions answered later, Bill. Meanwhile, let's dine at my club. I've got to address the House Committee."

During the evening I couldn't help but marvel at the change in the man. Gone was the old air of diffidence and bashfulness. He was the lion of the party every minute. He completely dominated the conversation. Once he'd send us into gales of laughter in relating a funny experience he had with an Irish janitor. Next we breathlessly followed him through a description of his adventures as a doughboy in France. Later he told us about his wonderful position and how he expected to leave for Europe in a few days as a market investigator for his company.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all; the explanation of his change from a timid, self-conscious wallflower to a fascinating dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new training had enabled him to overcome his lack of self-confidence and stage fright; taught him how to become an interesting, convincing speaker; and how it had shown him a short cut to

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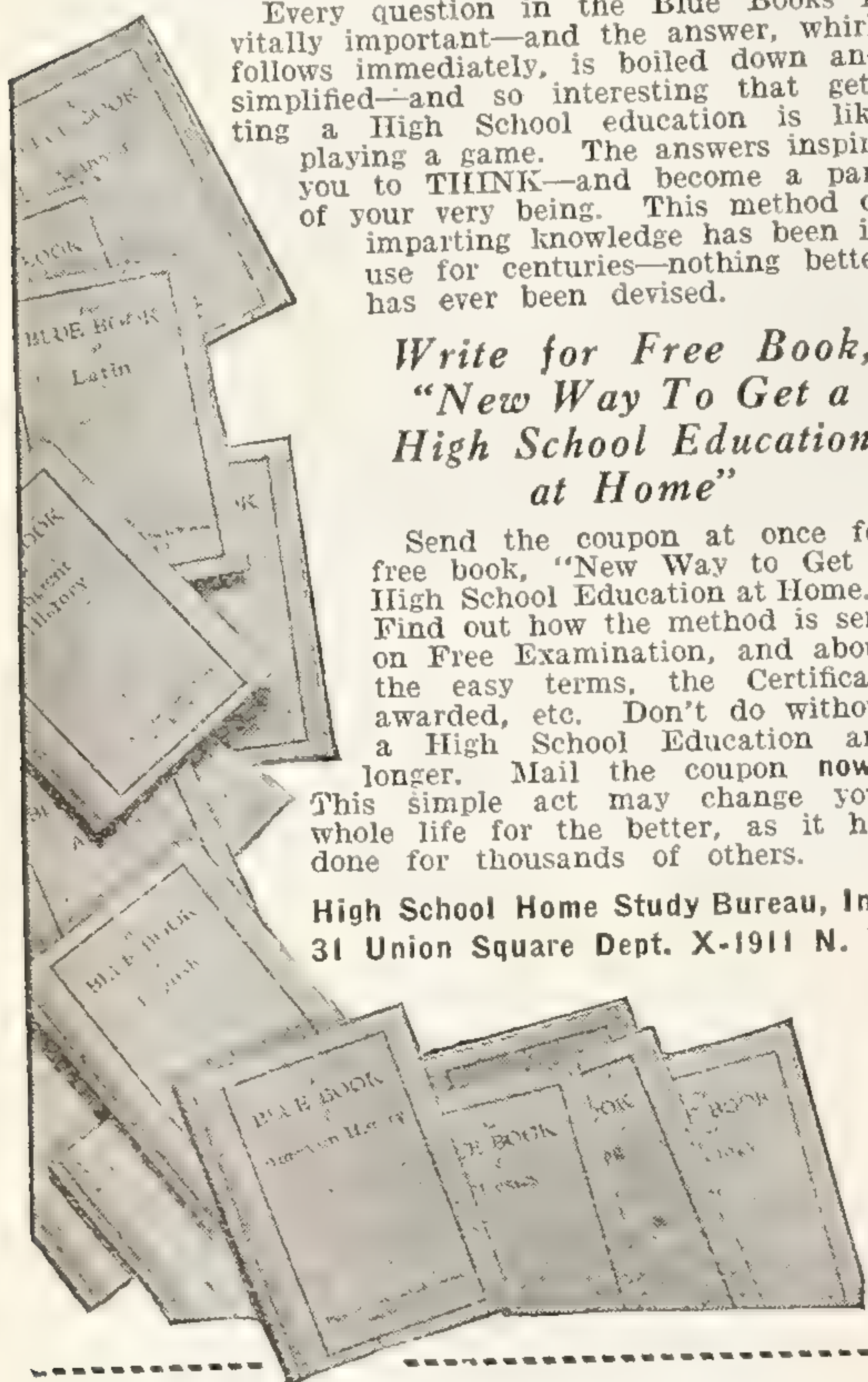
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He's always playing in that sort of drama, you know.

Louise Fazenda came with Hal Wallis, her husband, but left shortly, as she had another party to attend.

There were a number of writers present, including Rob Wagner and his wife; and Helen Ludlam, Screenland's Location Lady, not to mention scenario writers like Lenore Coffee.

If you could tear yourself away from the fascinating chatter and the fascinating dance music, you could find a fortune teller and a numerologist shut up mysteriously in a couple of rooms.

Marion Douglas, who used to be Ena Gregory, came forth charmed because the numerologist had told her that Marion Douglas was exactly the right name for her—that if anybody even so much as called her Ena, it was bad luck!

"LOIS WILSON is going to have a real house-warming, I hear," remarked Eduard Raquello, who had come to take Patsy and me to Lois' party.

"And she surely has some house to warm!" retorted Patsy, as we rounded a curve in one of those charming curving streets in Beverly Hills, and caught sight of the big English mansion which Lois built recently. There was a long line of cars parked in front of the house.

"An English mansion somehow suits Lois as a setting, doesn't it?" Patsy went on.

Inside we found any number of notables, including Gloria Swanson, May McAvoy and Leatrice Joy, who are Lois' dearest girl friends.

Bert Lytell was there, too, and Edward Everett Horton, Prince Troubetskoy—but he makes us call him 'Bill' now, because he says that his title doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood—and a score of others, including some writers.

Peggy Hamilton, who runs a fashion section in the Los Angeles Times, arrived still clad in the aviation suit she had been wearing that day, out at the flying field, where the air circus was in progress. The suit was white, with trousers something like riding trousers, with edgings of black. She hadn't had time to go home and change.

Gloria Swanson declared that she was going to make a habit of flying just so she

could wear a costume like Peggy's.

A pathetic little incident occurred; Peg said, when Wanda Hawley, who used to be a star, but of whom we haven't heard in a long time, and who was among the flyers, sent a radio message to her husband, who is in the east and who it is feared is going to lose his sight.

Lois proved a radiant hostess, and the party moved along in joyous spirit.

We chatted with Gloria Swanson, who said that she is looking forward to going abroad to meet her husband, the Marquise Henri de la Falaise, who has to make the trip to France every so often on account of being an alien.

"But Europe is no place for hurry," declared Gloria, "and when I get there I mean to stay a little while."

Leatrice Joy was making the talking sequences in "The Bellamy Trial", and made a clever little remark about the talking pictures—

"You can no longer say of the pictures," she remarked, "that actions speak louder than words!"

After supper, which was buffet, some of the guests played the radio or the piano, others danced; but Gloria, Leatrice and some of the rest of us became absorbed in a word game called Guggenheim, which proved so fascinating that we kept on until twelve o'clock. Gloria found the talk around us so disconcerting that she ran off with her pad and pencil and sat on the stairway, refusing to talk to anybody until she had filled out her squares.

Prince Troubetskoy dashed over to kiss Patsy's hand, but she reminded him that nobody named Bill ever kissed a lady's hand.

"Oh, but in Hollywood you just must be different!" he reminded her.

The girls at the party were of course all hugely interested in Lois' furnishings, which include her lovely petit-point lace chairs, heirlooms in the family, and two exquisite German cabinets, in warm colors with much dull gold, which had belonged in her family on her mother's side for generations, having once embellished a German castle.

"Just as you'd expect of the aristocratic Lois," remarked Patsy.

Although the party had begun early, nobody left until it was very late.

Mysteries of Hollywood

Continued from page 17

Who the devil was Emil Gatz? And why should he be supervising the work of a 'best-selling' author and a world-famous director? Out! Out!! Out!!!

The big producers were puzzled. No one man could possibly look after ten or twelve companies. They simply had to have supervisors. But anarchy and rebellion were rampant.

Then came the inspiration. I don't know which of the immortals had it. But it was—temporarily at least—a grand idea. The trouble was in the name. That super-

lative syllable *super* made the supervisor appear *superior* to the director, writer and actor, which of course was absurd. He was merely a businessman and referee.

All right; they'd simply change the name. Adopt a name that didn't insinuate supervision and one that had always commanded respect.

They called them Associate Producers!

Yet there are many who still believe the old axiom—"That an onion by any other name is still unsweet!"

You don't really know your Hollywood unless you read Rob Wagner. Don't miss the next instalment of his amusing exposures of the "Mysteries of Hollywood." In February Screenland.

I was heartbroken ~

when they laughed at my playing!



but a few months later...

I FELT I had never played so well.

It was a popular number with a catchy air. My own pleasure in the music helped me struggle with the difficult chords and tricky notes that always seemed to lie in ambush for me.

A glow of pride swept over me—at last I was coming through with flying colors! The piece finished, I turned around, confident of applause. Instead—

"Thank goodness, *that's* over!" came a disgusted whisper clear across the room. "He sure does murder music!"

The burst of laughter that immediately followed showed what a fool I had made of myself . . .

Burning with shame and anger, I swore I'd never play again! For years I had "entertained" at parties with musical selections. I never realized the crowd considered me a bore—they'd been polite enough about it until tonight. That's what hurt . . .

If only there were some way I could get back at them! But what could I do? My musical education consisted of a few piano lessons, taken years ago. I had practically picked up playing by myself. And I was too old to begin taking lessons all over again, now . . .

Suddenly a thought struck me. The very thing! I'd show them . . .

It was a good many months before I attended another party. Most of the old crowd, who had witnessed my humiliation, were there. As I passed a secluded corner I overheard some of them talking about me.

"Seems an age since Ralph's been round. Wonder what happened?"

"Why, didn't you know? Someone razed his playing at one of Jane's parties about a year ago, and . . ."

I moved on, smiling. This was just what I wanted. Joining the rest of the party, I noticed an embarrassed grin on the faces of one or two, but soon everything was forgotten in the enjoyment of the moment. The fun was at its height, when someone suggested dancing.

That stopped us short. Arthur, who usually supplied the music, had been unable to come. No one else could play. Here was my chance!

My Surprise

You should have seen the look of annoyance that quickly spread from face to face as I walked towards the piano and sat down. I had to keep from laughing as I turned around and asked:

"Is there anything special you folks would like me to start with?"

No one answered. Smiling to myself at the thought of the shock I had in store for them, I waited another moment to prolong the suspense—then I suddenly struck the first bars of "Just a Memory!"

But with what a difference! Gone was the nervous, stumbling manner with which I had formerly "murdered" music. No wonder gasps of astonishment came from all sides! This was not the irritating, heavy-handed performance they had dreaded! They crowded around the piano, unable to believe their ears . . .

I played smoothly, easily, with the skill and expression I had always longed for. First one, then another, began to sing. Soon they were all joining in the chorus.

From that moment on I didn't get a chance to leave the piano. Piece after piece was called for until I had to beg for a moment's rest. When I finally stopped playing the applause was deafening. My dream had come true!

As we walked home that night Jim demanded,

"What's the answer? *How did you do it?*"

I laughed. "Remember that last party I attended?" He nodded. "Well, when you folks showed me what a fool I was, I suddenly got wise to myself. That's all. I determined to prove that I *could* play—so I took up a home-study course that I had noticed advertised some time before . . ."

"What do you mean, 'home-study course'?" he interrupted. "Didn't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! I taught myself. When the lessons arrived I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. It was great fun—even from the very beginning! There were no monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, common sense system that even a child could understand. Why, I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start . . ."

This story is typical. Anyone can learn to play this easy, no-teacher way—right at home. The piano if desired; or any other instrument that you may choose. More than half a million people have learned to play by this simple system in less than half the time it takes by the old-fashioned methods. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the cost averages only a few cents a day.

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Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 50,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.

MANY persons say "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.



SHERWIN CODY

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by calling to your attention constantly only the mistakes you yourself make—and then showing you the right way, without asking you to memorize any rules.

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Sound Appeal—Continued from page 21

Golden Ears. Now this beast is stupid, stubborn. We don't know what to do with 'im. And when we handle 'im wrong 'e lets out a terrible braying noise. But when we learn to handle 'im the right way, ah then, Madame, the world will have found something verce beautiful. For from this animal's golden ears, the beauty will be plucked. And 'is ugly, mechanical body will be forgotten."

Just as de Limur says, the world knows nothing about sound pictures. And yet from Broadway clear across the continent to Hollywood Boulevard every man, woman and child wants to know about them—to understand them.

The reason you have 'talkies' today is a sound one. Ahem! The people are demanding them. The theatre owners who have playhouses wired for talkers are sold out. Once upon a time silence was golden. But not any more. Your little whim to hear your stars' voices has caused Papa Producer to reach his hand deep down in his pocket. William Fox alone has just spent eight million dollars in building a plant for the making of 'talkies.' Eight million dollars for a gamble!

You've seen and heard Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," haven't you? To my way of thinking this film is the best talker made to date. It is a Vitaphone picture and illustrates what the Brothers Warner can do with their sound equipment plus a great emotional artist like Jolson. Of course, Warners got started two years before anybody else and they are way out front in the parade. But Movietone and Photophone are stepping right along.

I am going to explain the Photophone to you first for a good reason: It is the easiest for me to understand! And since I am the lowest common denominator in electrical intelligence I am sure what I can grasp—electrically—can be understood by anybody.

At the Photophone Studio the 'set-up' is approximately the same as at Paramount except in this instance we have a street scene. Two girls, one a blonde and one a brunette, are standing on the street in front of a little grocery store where from the ceiling a tiny microphone is suspended. The director is Bert Lennon who because of his excellent craftsmanship as camera man in "The Patriot" was promoted to director a year ago. He is about thirty, nice dark hair, keen blue-gray eyes, a Leland-Stanford man, and quite, quite good-looking. (Don't push, girls. I don't know if he's married but I'll find out the next time I am invited to the studio.)

Now, you must remember the action is being filmed by the action camera at the same time the sound is being filmed by the sound camera. Both cameras are located off the set and enclosed in separate glass booths.

Another important point to remember is that every action, word, scene and sound are most carefully rehearsed before the actual shooting begins because once the film starts recording, if the director gave a direction you would hear his voice in the picture. In this Photophone scene, over and over Mr. Lennon drilled the girls to walk on the set, pause before the hidden microphone where the brunette begins: "This is where we were to meet the boys, but they haven't come yet." And so on to the end.

At last we're all ready. The red light

has flashed and the girls walk on the set and commence to speak into the hidden microphone. As the brunette begins: "This is where we were to meet the boys," her words are transformed by this delicate little microphone into electrical vibrations. These vibrations next travel through wires—just like telephone wires—into a big black box. This box is called an amplifier. And in it are powerful vacuum tubes which increase the intensity of the brunette's voice one million times. Actually one million times. To grasp this, if a fly had been sitting on the microphone, the buzz of its wings after it passed through the amplifier would have sounded like a tornado. No fooling!

Now that the sound of the brunette's voice has been increased a million times it travels through wires again into the Sound Camera. This Sound Camera contains a powerful light within it. And this powerful light is focused on a little mirror suspended in front of an opening in the camera which exposes a small strip on the side of the film. Now this little mirror is as sensitive as a wall flower at a fraternity dance. And as the vibrations of the brunette's voice increase or decrease—that is, as her voice rises or lowers—the increased or decreased vibrations cause this small mirror to swing from side to side. Beams from the light which is focused on the mirror are deflected. And these deflected beams strike the exposed part of the film in zig-zag lines. And each portion of these zig-zags represents a different pitch of the human voice. Isn't that a marvellous process?

Now you have your sound recorded on one piece of film and your action on another piece. How to get these two on friendly terms—on the same strip?

Simple. The two original films are superimposed—in plain language one is placed on top of the other. When finished the film looks exactly like an ordinary strip of film except along one side there is the magic zig-zag black margin of sound on the transparent film.

Here is your picture and here is your sound—all on one piece of film; but what good will it do unless the whole world can hear it? We want the voices of those Photophone girls to be heard from Bixby, Oklahoma, to Benares, India. From Calcutta to Kalamazoo. Therefore, this film must be run through the projection machine before it can be translated back into sound. And that's not difficult. Now that you understand the first process so well, the second will be a lot simpler. So listen carefully.

When your boy friend calls tonight to take you to the talkers, you can explain it all to him. And you'll only have to use one technical word. That word is Photo-Electric Cell. And it looks to me exactly like the old-fashioned night lamp folks used to burn in the country.

To get these zig-zags on the film back into sound, just imagine the strip of film is passing straight down through the projection machine. On one side of it is a strong light. On the other side is the Photo-Electric Cell. Now the light reflects through that little slot you learned about before and strikes on the zig-zags of the film, through to this cell. This cell is sensitive, just as the mirror was. And as the light strikes on it according to the varying zigs and zags in the film, this cell sends out different amounts of electrical current.

This current strikes on the loud speaker. This sound is amplified again, just like the brunette's voice was in the first process, and then it bursts forth out into the theatre—to delight your ears and mine.

That is the Photophone method. Of course we've left out a lot of tricks and gadgets, but you get the idea nevertheless.

The Movietone is very much like the Photophone except for two main points: (1) The same camera records both the sound and the action. (2) Instead of registering on the film in zigs and zags, the sound registers like tiny lines, one over the other, shaded from light gray to heaviest black.

The Vitaphone is something else again. For the sound by the Vitaphone method is cut on a wax record—somewhat similar to a phonograph record. But this disc is run at the same speed as the moving picture action camera so that they are both synchronized and can't get out of step.

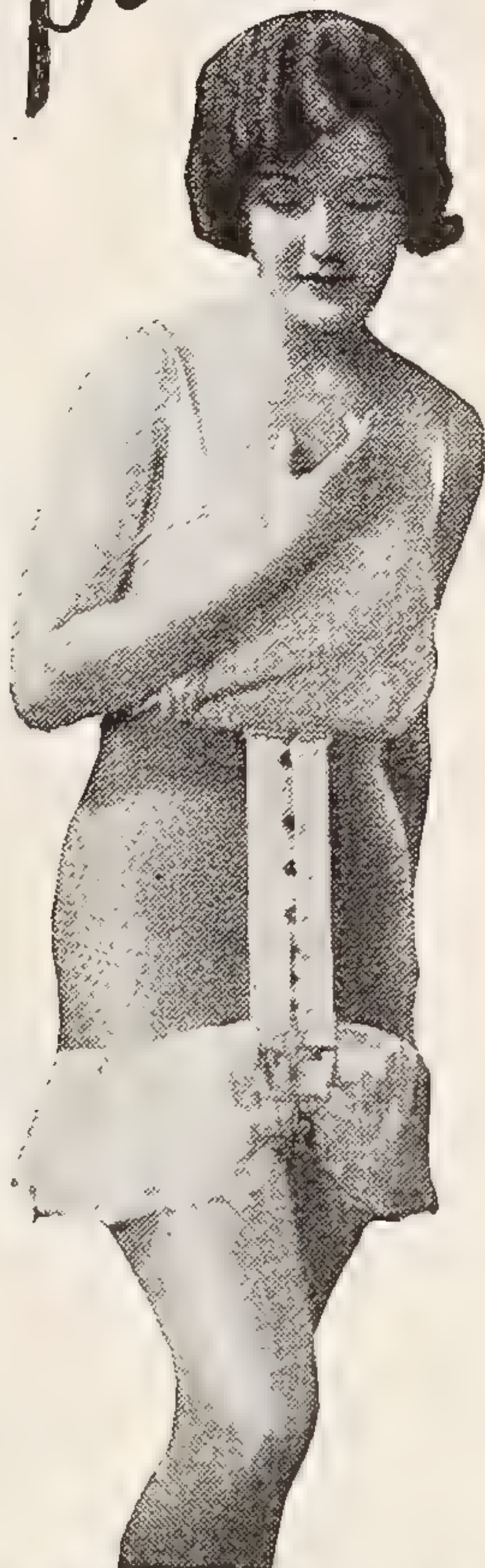
There you are. You have the three methods—all as clearly presented as Einstein's Theory of Relativity—whatever that is.

And now, class is dismissed, but before you go I want to say that it looks like the Ass with the Golden Ears is here to stay. Whether we like it or whether we don't, it is interesting to recall something that DeQuincey tells us about the Ass in its wild state. A wild Ass is one of the few animals which won't run from its enemies. This talking picture has many enemies—mechanical enemies of reproduction. But I daresay, like the wild Ass, the talking picture will plant its feet firmly in the ground and remain to fight its way to perfection where it will ultimately beautify and amuse the world.

The other night I heard a sound record of John Charles Thomas, singing a passage from the opera Pagliacci. He sang it magnificently. And as I live, when I closed my eyes, I could not tell whether it was Thomas in the flesh or a mechanical reproduction. And so I thought back to what it would have meant to me as a child, loving music so terribly and yet so far removed from every artistic center that the only music I ever heard was once when Creatore and his band passed through our little town and stopped between trains to give a concert. It was the highlight of my whole childhood. I was transported to heaven. But today, tomorrow, whole operas and symphonies will be brought to the smallest movie house, in the smallest village. Not only will our little brothers and sisters throughout the country hear transcendent music but they will actually see the finest living singers and actors before their eyes. To me, that seems the greatest romance of the twentieth century. And that will surely be brought about by the stolid Ass with the Golden Ears.

Screenland for February offers a contest to interest and amuse everybody. It's unique—original. Watch for it in the next issue!

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In New York—Continued from page 25

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The world knows me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that I have always been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true however. I was formerly so weak, so puny as to be an invalid. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. No one ever dreamed that someday I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health or her complexion. The truth is tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the same methods that I myself used.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside, instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, pimply face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail me the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once my interesting, illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. All this costs you nothing and may show you the way to become a stronger, healthier, more graceful and more beautiful woman, as it has already done for so many others. Just send the coupon or letter now. Do this at once, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address, Annette Kellermann, Suite 241, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

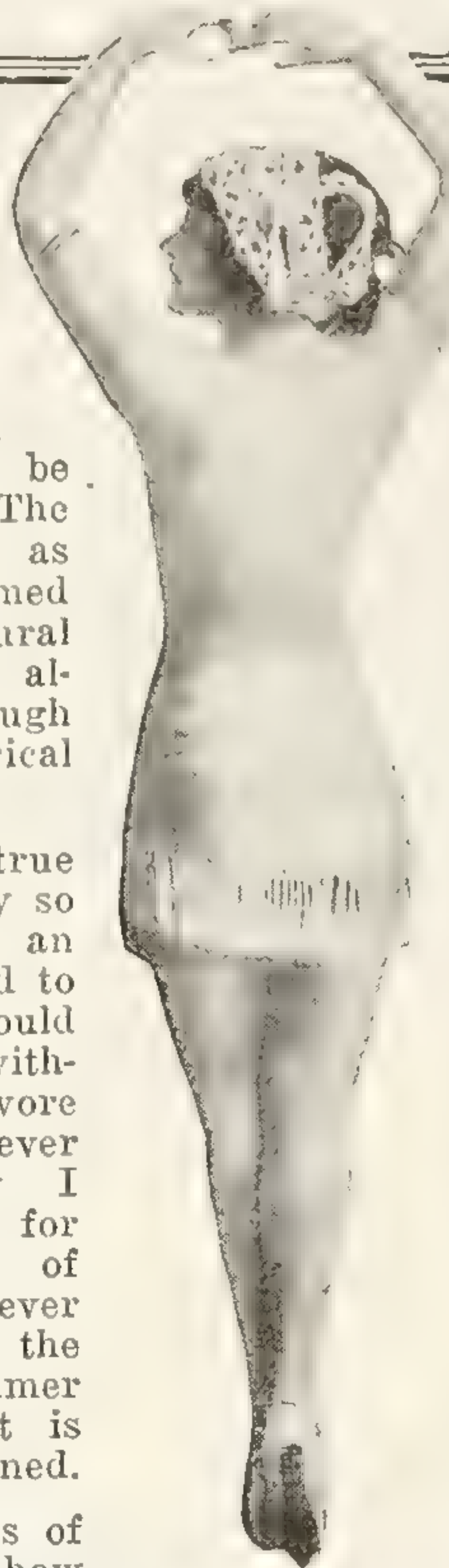
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"It's a daring thing for Mary Pickford to do," I said.

She smiled. "I don't know. It isn't as if the heroine is a bad girl. It isn't as if I were to play 'Rain,' for example. I couldn't do that. I wouldn't want to do that—although I suppose I should, being an actress, not hesitate to play any part so long as it is artistically sound. But I am not afraid of doing 'Coquette.'"

"Then it isn't true that you have had letters from your fans begging you not to do it?"

"If there have been any letters like that," said Mary Pickford, "I have not read them. My company would keep them from me if any came in. But in any case—" and her little head was held high—"my mind is made up. I am pleasing myself. I want to do it—I feel it is a great chance—and besides, it isn't what you do, it's how you do it. If 'Coquette' does not please the public it will be because we have not made it good enough. It is always like that. Whenever I have attempted something and it has not been a success it is simply because it wasn't good enough."

It takes courage for a star to say that. Mary Pickford has courage. She went on to talk about the talking pictures. Her voice tests were said to be the best of any of the picture stars—though of course she didn't tell me that. It is correctly pitched, neither too high nor too low.

Mary Pickford is going to do something very interesting. She is at the turning point in her career. Frankly tired of the things she has been doing for so long, she wants to explore new picture paths. Mary Pickford is an institution, but unlike most institutions she isn't self-satisfied. She is as modern as 1929.

* * *

Marion Davies came back from her European vacation looking lovelier than even Marion ever looked before. She's the play girl of pictures. If I were to choose one girl out of millions of girls to pose for the Pretty Girl of America, I'd choose Marion. She is just downright pretty—deliciously pretty. The fairest skin and the bluest eyes, the shapeliest nose and the palest yellow hair! And there's that ingratiating friendliness about her. I never realized just how nice she is until I dropped in on her with Betty Bronson. I'd had lunch with Betty, who was catching the Century that afternoon and wanted to say goodbye to Marion. All the Hollywood girls adore Miss Davies, by the way. So Betty and I just dropped in—I should say, dropped up—to Marion's apartment in the Warwick. She was entertaining Mrs. Holbrook Blinn at luncheon, and she is the most hospitable soul I ever saw. She kissed Betty goodbye and they said they'd see each other again soon in Hollywood. And then Betty—but more about Betty later!

I saw Marion again at the Metro-Goldwyn office on Broadway. She was completely surrounded by office boys, each armed with a large-size photograph. The office force had rifled the photo files and grabbed all the available pictures of Marion and rushed to her to have them autographed. Marion said: "Of course—I'll be glad to," and she spent half an hour patiently inscribing pictures to 'The ship-ping room boys' and 'The mailing room boys.' And let me tell you right here that Marion is the only star of her standing who would take the trouble to do a thing

like that. Most of them are too busy, or too tired, or something.

It would never occur to you, meeting Marion, that she could possibly be shy or a little unsure of herself. She looks so beautiful, she dresses so well, and she has such marvelous pearls, that you'd think she would be the most self-confident girl in the world. But she isn't. She thinks she is homely when she laughs! And she says she is scared to death of making a talking picture.

"But didn't you sing on the stage before you went into pictures?"

She laughed. "If you want to call it that," she said. "I did have a few songs in a musical show but I always told my friends to sit in the front row if they wanted to hear me."

Her next picture will be "The Five O'Clock Girl," adapted from the musical comedy of the same name. It will be a comedy—Marion likes comedy better than drama and is at her best in it. "The Patsy" is her favorite of all her own pictures. And I suspect it was her excellent work in that picture that had something to do with the honors she received abroad. She received two decorations—one, the Medal of Honor, presented by Prime Minister Rivera, of Spain; and the other, nominating her as an Officer of the Academy, from France. I saw them both. They are really beautiful and Marion should be proud of them. But she said: "I don't know yet what I ever did to deserve them." Duse and Bernhardt are the only other actresses ever to receive the French medal. Charles Chaplin is the only other motion picture star.

She brought back sixteen trunks filled with clothes from Paris! And then while she was here she bought some American clothes, too. And when I asked her which set of creations she liked better, she looked puzzled and said she really didn't know. "But," she brightened, "I'd like SCREENLAND readers to see them. Suppose we have pictures taken in the Paris things and also in the dresses and hats I bought here in New York, and then put it up to your readers?"

So that's what we've done. And you'll see the pictures in the rotogravure in this issue.

* * *

You have heard all about Billy Haines, the Peck's Bad Boy of Hollywood, haven't you? The clown who keeps his leading ladies in such stitches that they can't act—why, he made Marion Davies laugh so that she couldn't keep a straight face while they were having pictures taken; and at the mere mention of his name Josephine Dunn and Alice Day, who have played opposite him, shake their pretty heads and gasp. He's the pride and terror of the lot in Culver City. Only Polly Moran can keep up with him.

But there's another Billy Haines you haven't heard so much about. That's the Billy who is the ideal son and brother. Why, when he was in New York this time—he came east to see about some contract or other—he spent almost all his time with his mother and his sister, Mrs. Robert Stone. He is devoted itself to his mother—who, by the way, is a very charming and handsome woman—it's easy to see where Billy gets his charm. The Haines family are Virginia aristocrats and Bill's background is evident when he can forget his wise-cracking role for a moment and be a nice boy.

If we were classifying movie favorites according to mythology Jane Winton would be our Juno. Jane is statuesque and you'd know without being told that she was once a bright shining light of the Follies. She has a perfectly proportioned figure. She is graceful and she is pretty. Also, she is humorous. You feel about Miss Winton that, ambitious as she is for screen success, still, if a film career were ever denied her, she could always find something just as interesting to occupy her time. She is happily married to Charles Kenyon, the scenario writer. And she is one of the few picture girls who manage to preserve a private individuality, quite apart from her career.

For instance, she had a wire from the Coast during her eastern vacation asking her to jump on the next train as she was wanted for a good part in a new picture. She thought it over and then decided she wouldn't accept—because her birthday was the next day and she didn't want to spend such a gala day alone on a train! You see she is individual!

Betty Bronson didn't go to Europe after all. She's had so many offers to do pictures here she hasn't had time. She came east to make personal appearances with "The Singing Fool" but she couldn't stay long because Warners sent for her to come back to Hollywood to play in a new talking picture.

Betty is doing her best to grow up. She is having sophisticated gowns and wraps made for her by Natacha Rambova—yes, Rudolph Valentino's former wife has a very smart gown shop now in Manhattan. And she is taking entire charge of Betty's sartorial ensemble. But no matter how Betty dresses she continues to look like a little girl—a sweet little girl, too—though I know she'll hate me for saying it! She has a new bob, and a brand new shade of lip-rouge—and Greta Garbo is her ideal; but I can't help it; she's still Peter Pan to me.

Saluté, Chevalier!

Meet Monsieur Maurice Chevalier, the idol of the Parisian theatre-goers, who has come over here to make talking pictures for Paramount. He's a charming man—modest, quiet, unassuming. Madame Chevalier accompanied him—she is a very chic person, extremely French.

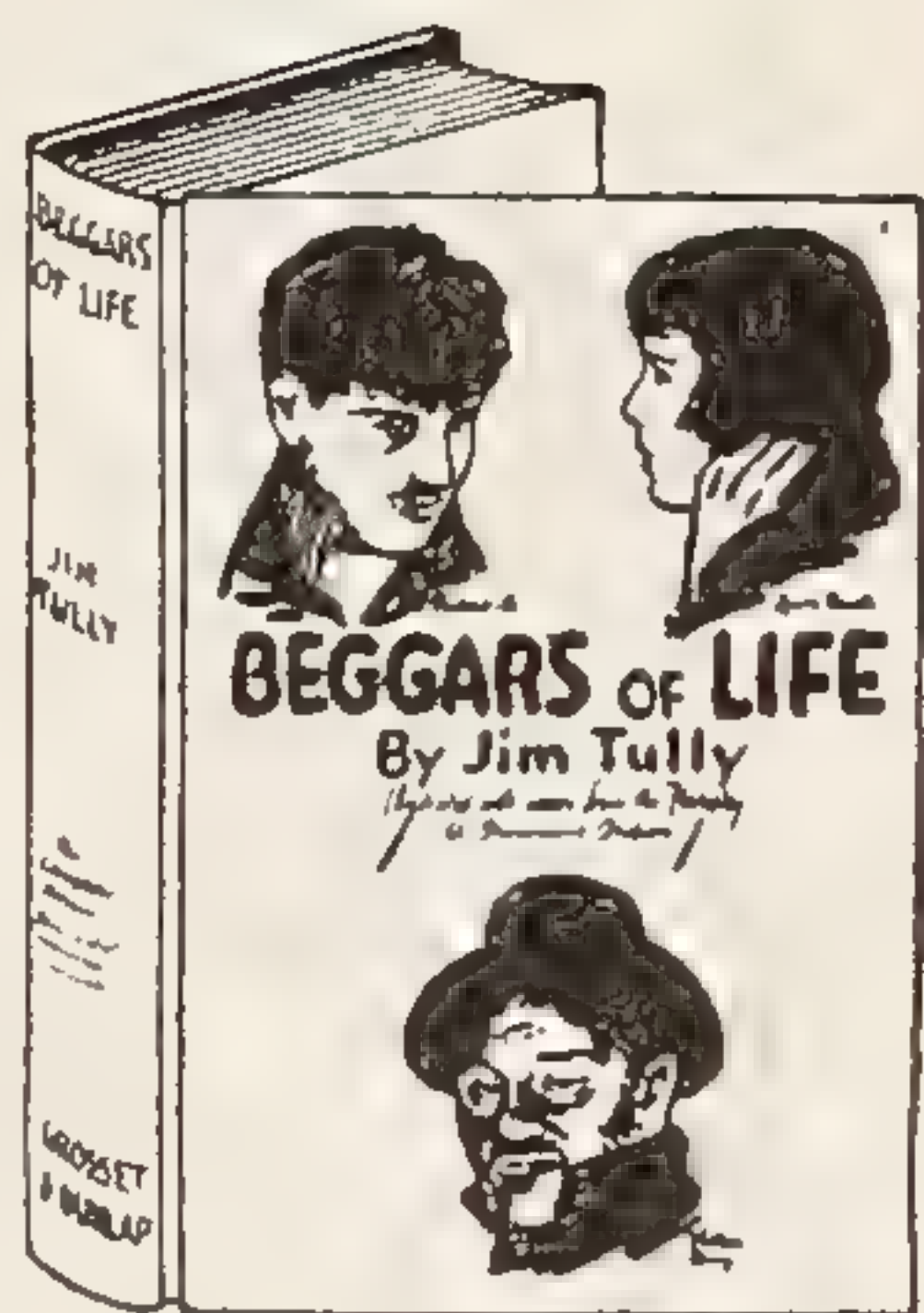
Paramount gave a dinner dance for the new star at the Ritz—a party generally agreed to be the nicest film affair since the Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson soirees of cherished memory. When the Paramount company undertakes anything it is apt to be a success. The Messrs. Zukor and Lasky are elegant gentlemen and the entire organization reflects the importance and pleasant personality of the big bosses. And now—Chevalier! If his agreeable presence registers on the screen as it does face to face, you're certain to like him. He is neither very old, nor very young. He has not the cynical sophistication of a Menjou nor the exuberance of a Dix; but he has a certain quiet charm all his own.

Dorothy Gish has made the hit of her young life in a stage play by Samson Raphaelson, author of "The Jazz Singer," called "Young Love." It's a very frisky—and a little risqué—comedy-drama, and co-starring with Dorothy is her husband, James Rennie. But he doesn't play his wife's husband in the play—if you follow us! He is married to somebody else, and that makes it all the more interesting. Miss Gish has a role after her own talents—that of a most modern and daring girl.

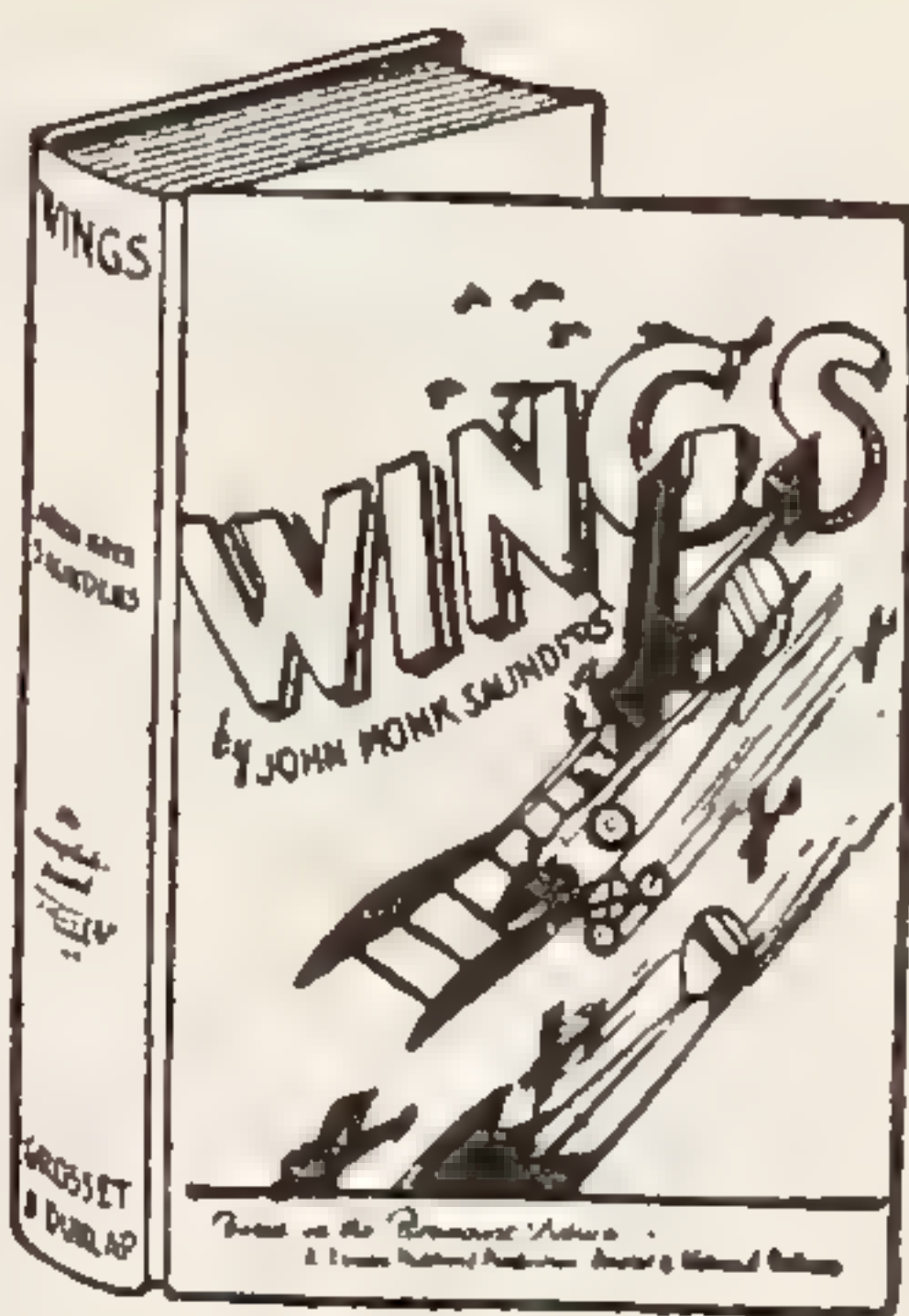
A Christmas Suggestion!!

Now is the time to be thinking of that old question, "What shall I give for Christmas?" We suggest books. Something which is enjoyed by everyone. Many of the books listed herewith have been made into movies, which gave us some of our greatest SCREEN SUCCESSES.

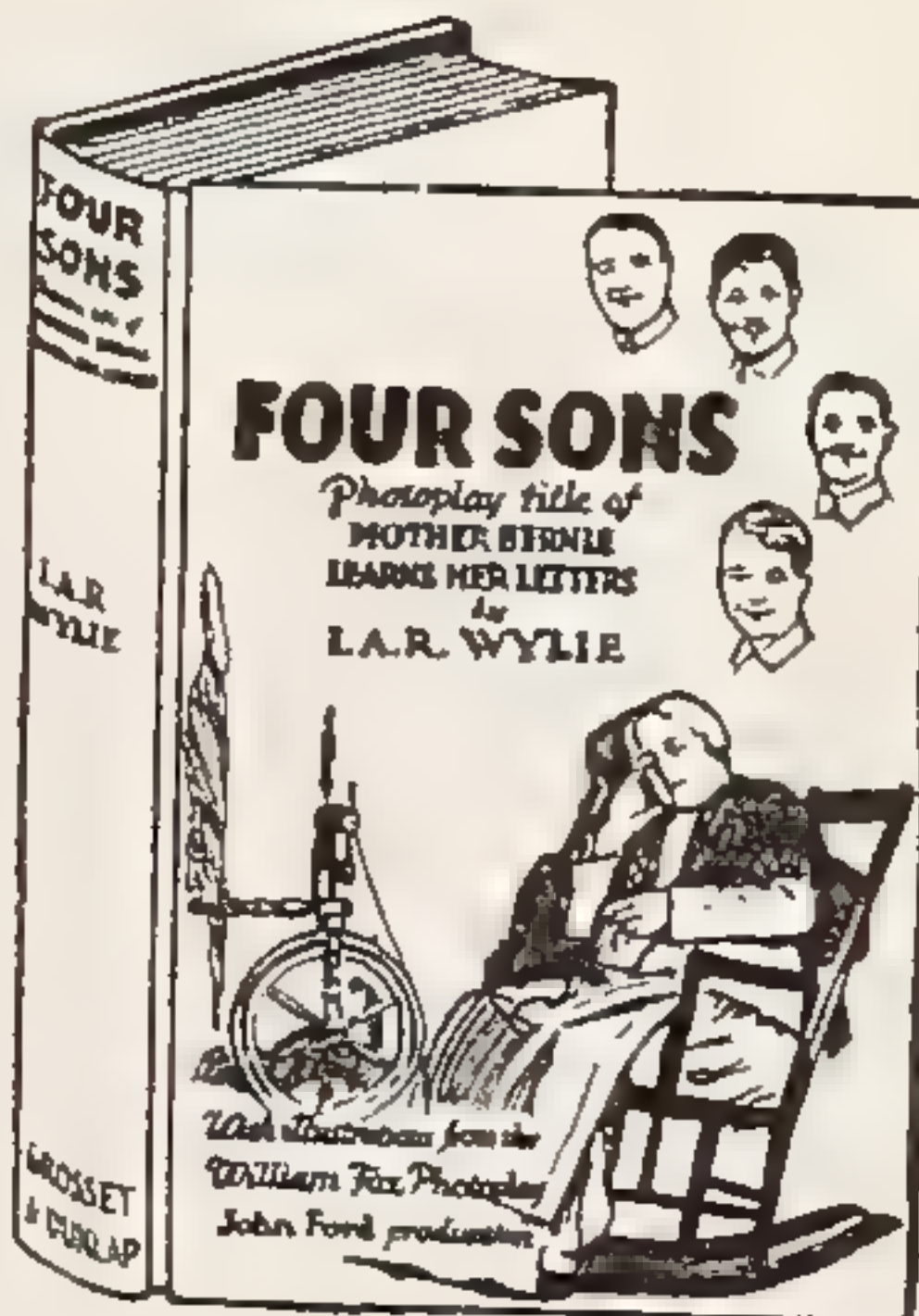
Order any one for \$1.00 or 6 for \$5.00



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Lilac Time
Beggars of Life
The River Pirate
The Barker
The Foreign Legion
The Grip of the Yukon
(Yukon Trail)



Wings
Sorrell and Son
The King of Kings
The Man Who Laughs
Glorious Betsy
The Lion and the Mouse
Four Sons
Hangman's House
The Cossacks
Uncle Tom's Cabin
Abie's Irish Rose
The Crowd
Tenderloin
The Legion of the Condemned
Speedy (Harold Lloyd edition)
Honor Bound
Anna Karenina
(Movie Title "Love")



Wild Geese
The Patent Leather Kid
Beau Geste
Beau Sabreue
Ben Hur
Seventh Heaven
The King of Kings
Resurrection
The Gaucho
Mother Machree



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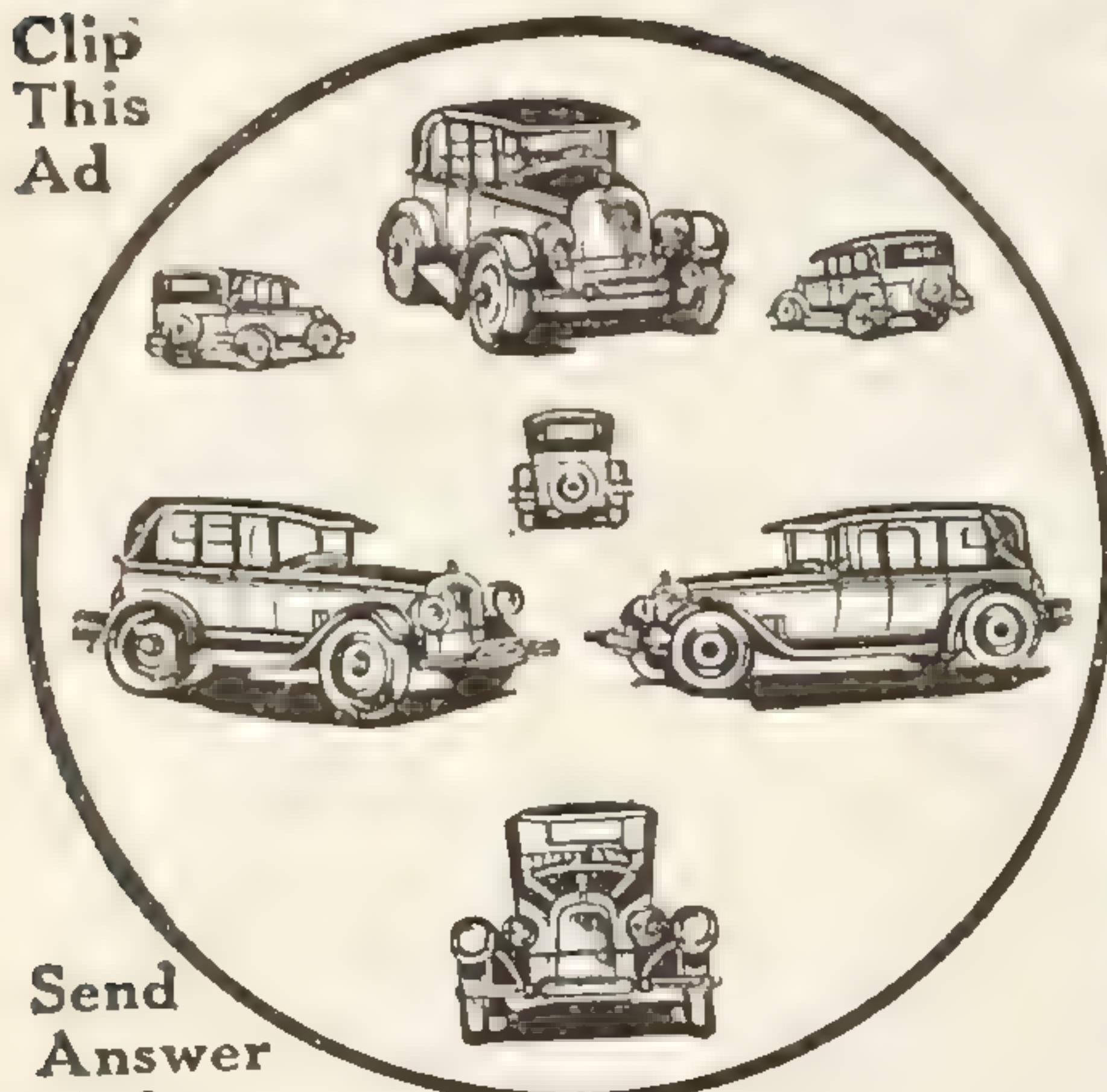
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There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

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The Girl Producer

(Continued from page 41)

for the girl to meet his casting director, Jimmie Hogan.

Fanchon had long curls, then, a la Mary Pickford. These, combined with her blue, blue eyes settled the question for Mr. Hogan. "You don't want to write," he told her and, since Doug was between pictures, gave her a note to Lou Goodstadt, that most beloved of casting directors.

Which all sounds very easy. But after the first day's extra work, the little girl became one of a mob of extras storming the studio doors. One day when she had no work for a week and found herself listening to the same old story about "Nothing today, dearie," she tripped out of the Fox casting office and went around to the back of the studio. Here she climbed the fence onto the roof of a warehouse and thence down into the lot.

Shaking out her skirts and dusting her hands, she wandered about until she discovered some activity on one of the stages. The company had gone to lunch but two or three technicians were lounging about. By a series of careful questions, Fanchon acquired the name of the director and his assistant and managed to have the assistant pointed out as he returned.

She went to him with her prettiest smile.

"Why, Mr. Brown, it's just ages since I've seen you!"

"So it is," he agreed, warmly. "You ought to work on the Fox lot oftener."

"That's what I think," beamed the girl; and then casually, oh ever so casually, "Is there anything in this picture you're making?"

"Nothing to interest you—just a few extras needed," sighed the regretful Mr. Brown.

"Too bad," murmured the young hypocrite.

Presently she insinuated that "nothing one does is wasted," and by adroit maneuvering succeeded in getting the offer of one of the extra roles, not at the plebeian wage of \$5 but at the bit player's salary of \$15!

Nothing daunted her. Once, for weeks she worked during the daytime in "Every Woman" at one studio and in "Heartsease" all night at another, snatching what sleep she could on the long ride to Culver City where the latter picture was filmed.

"That one year in pictures contained more heartbreaks than I have ever known before or since," said Fanchon, her blue eyes clouding with remembered tears.

Casually, during that year she had met Raymond Cannon, then assistant director to the great Griffith and also publisher of a movie magazine called "Camera!" At his invitation Fanchon joined the staff. She stayed with the magazine three years but at the end of the first year, just before her 18th birthday, she married the publisher, Raymond Cannon, who had then become Dorothy Gish's leading man.

"I enjoyed my work as an editor. I don't believe anything I have ever done has been wasted. It's all been a steady building up. Three years after my marriage my son Royer was born. He's part of my experience, too," smiled the young mother, proudly.

By this time, Mr. Cannon was a well-established scenarist under contract to Douglas MacLean. Just being a wife and mother soon palled on his ambitious consort. Royer was two months old when his mother opened an office as a free-lance publicity woman.

As you may have guessed, Fanchon

Royer was not an ordinary press agent. She went around making 'discoveries' and pushing them to fame and fortune. There was Grant Withers, a son of Iowa neighbors. Fanchon took him under her wing and found him a job on a local newspaper. He proved a dismal failure at this and used to spend his spare time in her office watching her write stories about her starry clients.

"Gee, if that fellow can get on in pictures, so can I," he remarked one day after listening to her enthusiastic eulogy of a rising young player.

"Try it and see," she advised.

The next day she took him to Lou Goodstadt who gave the lad his first extra part and from then on, she deliberately plugged for him. Grant freely admits that his steady rise is due to his estimable press agent.

Then there's Armida. A year ago, she was a little unknown Mexican dancing at the Plaza in Los Angeles. Fanchon saw her possibilities and at once put the girl under a five-year contract before bringing her to the attention of the West Coast Theatres, Inc. Now Armida is a headliner on the Orpheum circuit.

One night last March, Fanchon was sitting in a Hollywood cafe waiting to go home with Raymond who had been detained at the studio. She had been dissatisfied with publicity for some time and had been pondering over her future.

"I enjoyed publicity just as I did my editorship but I had grown as much as I could in that job and I refuse to stagnate!" her blue eyes snapped at the word and she set her lovely mouth. "I had had offers from every studio publicity department in town but I prefer to be a lone wolf. Acting was definitely out and Ray was doing all the writing necessary for one family. I thought and thought and then suddenly the idea came! I would produce a picture."

The next morning she took the 'idea' to her banker. He listened carefully to all she had to say, then stated: "Miss Royer, I have watched you for years and feel that you can put this over. Go ahead and we'll back you."

"Life's Like That" violated most of the accepted moving picture canons. There was no advance planting of characters; the camera simply picked them up as they entered the story. Although an uproariously funny comedy, there were no gags; every laugh was secured by a natural bit of business. Very few close-ups and no fade-outs.

The absence of the latter nearly cost the young producer her camera man. The

story was an original of her husband's whom she had engaged as the director. Mr. Cannon had determined to use a new traveling shift of his own invention but when this device was explained to the camera man, he objected strenuously. "People will hoot at it," he declared, "it'll hurt me in the industry."

After the first preview, his apologies were profuse. That same preview brought a contract from Fox for the author-director while the two leads, Grant Withers and Wade Boteler, found themselves in the enviable position of picking and choosing among several choice roles. Need I remark that the canny Fanchon Royer had put both actors under personal contract to her?

"They're slated for my next two pictures," she announced. "I'm planning to produce four in the next year and after that—well, it's a secret but I'll tell you. I'm going to make a picture in China; my story's settled on, the locale picked out and I'm taking two Chinese advisers and possibly three of my cast from Hollywood."

Raymond Cannon will not necessarily desire any more of his wife's pictures.

"I'd be lucky to get him, of course, but if he's tied up elsewhere, I'll engage another director. Perhaps one reason why our marriage is a success is because we have learned not to interfere with one another. He respects my judgment and I respect his."

Little Royer, who has now reached the advanced age of five years and a half, has a baby brother, Elwood, aged two and a half. These fortunate youngsters have a swimming pool, a pony and fourteen acres spread over a hill overlooking the San Fernando Valley as a playground.

Beyond the pool, pony, two dogs and a goat, the children are not provided with amusement.

"Let them develop their imaginations," decides their wise mother. "Expensive toys won't get them anywhere. If they want airplanes and machines, let them make them. The money is used instead for good books, color plates and high-class records."

Fanchon has ideas about education, also. Organized education, according to her, ruins the thinking mind. At three, Royer knew all his letters, at four he played the violin and his greatest amusement is to sit on the floor with a globe and travel over the world. He has an instinct for words and is now learning to use a dictionary intelligently, as he is never satisfied until he knows the meaning of each new word.

Not satisfied. Growing and building up like his mother!

The Garbo Girl Sways the Mode

Concluded from page 90

necessary with bouffant skirts, won't do for her, however.

Satins are also good for evening wear for the Garbo type, with panels shirred on the hip, falling into a longer line than the circular skirt, and giving the popular back line. All the gowns of the Garbo girl show low décolletage—in fact, she must concentrate on the backs of her gowns, as that is the line of interest.

A few words about accessories to the dress. There are certain little rules that should be borne in mind always. For instance, in the matter of shoes. Garbo girls must avoid shoes that attract attention—medium-high heels in skins that tend to the dark shades best accomplishing this. The fads in footwear shouldn't be followed by the tall girl. Her evening pumps should

match the conservative color in her costume. Satin shoes in plain colors are fine, but jeweled straps and rhinestone buckles are *verboten* to a Garbo.

All the bizarre jewelry belongs to the Garbo type—vividly enameled sports sets consisting of choker necklace, bracelets and watch fobs, for instance. Plain but unusual earrings are permissible. She should never wear more than one ring but that should be large and of unusual type or setting. Small pearls belong to fluffy-haired flappers; not to her.

Purses usually are made to match some details of costume; flat envelope models being most popular for evening and pouch purses with daytime ensembles.

One last word—that matter of makeup! The Garbo girl cannot stand too-vivid hues.

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Am I trusting too much to chance to bring me success?
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Am I "licked" by life, am I a "quitter"?
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Things They Don't Talk About

Continued from page 55

the Biltmore, and made the young man go down to his attorney's office where he confessed all. He was to have been sent to prison but when Ben heard that his thumb prints would be registered and his picture put in the rogue's gallery, Ben called a halt.

"He is only twenty years old," Ben told a close friend who told me. "It is a boy's prank, and while it is a bad one I wouldn't want a boy marked for life with a prison record on account of it." Ben gave the culprit a good talking-to and told him what he was heading for if he kept up such actions.

So the boy went back to his home and as far as Ben knows he has not repeated the offence. That was a thoughtful thing for one boy barely over twenty to do for another whose idea of 'right' was a little bent, wasn't it?

A young man told me about a recent severe illness he had suffered which had found him pretty close to the financial margin. He had made a lot of money and had immediately bought two or three cars, several bits of real estate and taken on a retinue of servants. All would have been well had he remained on the payroll as he expected to do instead of landing in the hospital. This turned the comedy into a tragedy. He could dispose of the servants and two of the cars, but he could not sell the real estate without taking a terrific loss. In the meantime what was he to do about hospital bills?

Well, Jack Gilbert, who was a friend, heard what he was going through, sent word to the hospital to spare no expense in giving him the best of care and told the young man to relieve his mind of all secunary worry.

Bebe Daniels, I've been told, is unusually kind to her servants. Her personal maid attends her both at home and at the studio and Bebe is very exacting. But when it is time to play Bebe wants her maid to have as good a time as she, herself, has; and for this purpose she gives her many pretty clothes, not left-overs of her own always, but new ones. And recently she gave her a new Chevrolet so that she could go about and visit her friends, an impossible thing out here for one who has not much time and no car.

It was Mrs. Joe Brown who told about the nice thing Marion Davies did. Marion is always doing nice things for people. She is one of the most generous-hearted stars in Hollywood. She and Mabel Normand have become legendary where their charities are concerned. It was said of Mabel that she gave away half of what she earned. But here is what Mrs. Brown related. She was in a hospital visiting a

friend of hers. On her way down the corridor she passed an open door and glanced in. The room she saw was a veritable flower garden. It was a bower of roses and every other imaginable lovely blossom. Moreover, it was the room *de luxe* of the floor. Mrs. Brown asked who the lucky occupant happened to be. And she learned that the patient was a young mother—the wife of a property man on Miss Davies' set at the studio. The film girl, learning that the prop man's wife might not be able to afford the luxury of a private room, arranged everything. Moreover, she made it possible for the mother and baby to have the services of a trained nurse for as long as was necessary after leaving the hospital. Maybe that property man doesn't swear by his star!

Al Jolson won't like it when he reads this. And we'll make it easier for him by not mentioning any names. It seems that a little actress in one of his pictures was downright hard up. She had a family to support and she wasn't making very much of a salary. Al made it his business to try to get her a raise. Failing in this, he went to her and said: "Look here. You're doing splendid work in this picture. I know you aren't making as much as you're worth, so as long as you are working in my picture I want you to accept an additional check for good work in the right spirit." And Al was supposed to be a hard-boiled guy from blase Broadway.

George Fawcett, whose name gives prestige to any picture he is in, continues to do a very gracious thing for two daughters of a life-long friend. These young ladies, partly from necessity, partly from the thrill it gives them to be in movieland, came to Hollywood and asked Mr. Fawcett whether he could help them get into pictures. The result has been that they work in almost every picture Mr. Fawcett is in, and a good many that he is not in. Several times during the first year they were out here, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett—who was the lovely Percy Haswell of the stage—took them to the studio in their car for some night scenes they had to work in and remained until they were through work. This, just so they would not feel embarrassed and out of place.

Because I know of many kind and helpful things the Fawcetts have done for people I asked Mr. Fawcett the other day what he thought about giving. Whether he thought it helped. His answer was very interesting, I thought. He said one must have above all things imagination in giving. An ability to discern what a person needs or is capable of doing and then help him to it. And I think that's a pretty good summing-up of the case.

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On Location—Continued from page 50

which threw that strange light over the tents and the trees. Then the moon was full, and the mesa (pronounced Maysa) was like an enchanted garden. Everyone who could, did something, but Vic climaxed the evening. He reached for Dolores' violin, leaned up against a tree and, boy, how he did play! You know many people play; some play well, but few have the touch, and Vic has. It was the first time any of us had heard him, so we sat spellbound."

And not until then did I realize that Victor Schertzinger, popular director was also the author of one of my favorite songs, *Marchita*. Of course—and *Just an Old Love Song* and *Somewhere* and *Old Adobe*, and there's a new one, *Clalita*.

Just then Gladys Belmont came in and told us how much fun it was to put on Indian make-up.

"How do you get it off without hotel facilities of hot water?" we wanted to know.

"Are you insulting our camp? What if we are nearly one hundred miles from a railroad? What if we are in the desert," stormed Richard, working himself up, "I have the pleasure to inform you young ladies that this is a camp de luxe. We have hot water. Plenty of it. And cold water. And a shower bath—"

"What? Out here? Oh, I don't believe it. You're joking. Who ever heard of tents with a shower!"

"Yes, it really is true," said Gladys, laughing like a child at our astonishment.

"And that isn't all they have," Richard went on dramatically. "There are two rooms, a living room with a sheet-iron stove and Navajo rugs on the floor. A bed-room also with Navajo rugs and a bath with a shower, wash-stand and—well, complete in every detail!"

"What I want to know is," said I gulping hastily my scalding coffee, "how they do it? How do they get the water?"

"They drilled for it out here, and piped the water to each tent. The men came out nearly a week ahead of us. They also laid telephone wires so we can get Gallup. Oh, we are wonderful. And now, my children, I am going to be a bum and leave you flat. Four o'clock comes pretty soon and when you see the make-up I have on you will forgive me. Frank will take you back to Cozy's and bring you over in the morning for breakfast at five," said Richard with a wicked look.

"Do we have to get up at that ungodly hour? What for? We don't put on make-up."

"When in Rome—" Richard began, and laughed heartily at our dismayed faces. No sleep on the train—a five o'clock call. Why did we come to the desert? "Good night, girls. You'll hear the siren, even over there. It would wake the dead."

But Richard was joking. The siren blew at six, which was bad enough, but it wasn't five, and we had breakfast at camp at seven. Then Elizabeth Pickett and Jane Novak showed us through their tent and I found that Richard had not exaggerated.

This camp was owned and operated by William L. Anderson who operates camps all over the west. Some are movie camps, some mining and some relief. Mr. Anderson is taking on the gigantic task of maintaining 1500 men for five years during the construction of the San Gabriel dam which will be started around the first of the year. Earl Bartlett was manager of our camp,

which had about twenty-four tents, a large mess tent, a commissary where everything could be bought, especially guns and clasp knives. I never saw so many clasp knives, and Richard seemed to have a mania for them. Every time he went in that commissary he came out with at least one clasp knife. He said he had a lot of kid cousins and they liked them.

Meals are fine in this menage. There is fried chicken, mince pie, country sausage, cooked just right, and good coffee. Also plenty of it.

The Technicolor outfit had a laboratory built there. I don't just know where it was at Chin Lee camp because we only remained that one day when it was moved 200 miles to the Valley of the Enchanted Mesa, but at the mesa an old freight car, de-wheeled, was used for the purpose. There, a thousand miles from anywhere, the film of the day was developed to see whether there were any flaws and sent immediately to Los Angeles where it was examined, and a negative sent back to the location which would be shown on the screen that night. An operator's booth was built on one end of the mesa tent where the projection machine was kept and a screen adjusted to a tent about fifty feet away.

But to get back to our first day's location: we all piled into cars and went back to Cozy's trading post where the action took place. The Indians were there ahead of us, hundreds of them, all in the most picturesque colors. You would never think that a scarlet shirt and a pair of butter-yellow trousers would go so well together. The hill looked like a garden of zenias, and the sunlight there is so brittle that light and shade is sharply drawn—shadows looked angular like a cubist's sketch.

The women had on anywhere from eight to ten petticoats and wore shawls over their heads and shoulders. I noticed that many of them were not of their own weaving—they were cotton things to be found in the basement of any department store—all bright colors. They had several children as a rule, one on their back, held in place by the blanket, and the others toddling along holding on to one of the ten petticoats.

Here and there were scattered hogans which the Navajo calls home. A hogan is built of mud and straw and is shaped like half a sphere. There is a little door on the east which is the only entrance. All Indian houses open to the east to get the first rays of the rising sun, driving the darkness back. No evil can remain in such a house. If there is a death the door is forever barred. No one ever enters that hogan again. Even the corpse is taken out through a hole cut in the back of the building. Death is evil and no Navajo will have anything to do with a place that has been touched by it. But you will have an illustration of that in "Redskin", for the boy's mother dies in giving him life.

The day's work concerned that part of the story where "Redskin" is renounced by his tribe because, having been educated in American schools and gone to college, he no longer believes all the superstitions of his people and has refused the blanket of Medicine Man which his father wore before him.

In the tribe of the Pueblos there is a girl, *Cornblossom*, who has also had the white man's training and is at odds with her people because of her changed ideas.

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It is not surprising that Redskin and Cornblossom fell in love with each other, which is another thing their people do not like. Things are going pretty badly for them both when Tully Marshall and Larry Steers burst in to say that the oil Richard found has been registered in his name. Redskin promptly turns over half of the vast fortune that is now his to his tribe which makes him quite the cat's whiskers once more.

Ruth and I sat under an umbrella with Elizabeth Pickett and heard all about the exciting time she had getting the material for "Redskin" which she wrote four years ago. She loves the Indians and spent many months among them studying their manners and customs and getting an understanding of them. And she does understand them.

Richard wandered up between scenes and told us about an interesting thing he had seen. He was out duck shooting at dawn and lying flat on his stomach on the edge of a cliff. He noticed an Indian man and woman far below on the plain but took no notice of them at first. Then he became aware that they were staging a love scene.

"I felt a little mean because they of course thought they were alone, but I had heard that Indians did not kiss and it looked to me as though whatever they did in place of kissing was about to be done. I couldn't resist watching—and besides I was so far away that if I ever saw them again I wouldn't know what they looked like. Well, the Indian put his arm around his girl and he did kiss her, just as we kiss, and then they went into the hogan."

That afternoon we broke camp and went the 92 miles back to Gallup. The drivers had to make two and three trips to get the whole company transported, the last car arriving at El Navajo Hotel about 5 A.M. The tents and equipment went the 200 miles between camps in the trucks and in 24 hours from the time they left Chin Lee the tents were up and the outfit slept in them. The first dinner was complete as far as edibles went but the tools to eat them with were shy. Everyone reverted to type and used the implements nature supplied for such an extremity and we all got along very nicely.

Tully Marshall did not come with us to the Mesa location. His work in the picture was finished so he went back to Los Angeles from Gallup. He rode from Chin Lee in the same car Ruth and I did and kept us laughing over his funny jokes. He told us about Harry, the man who does the camber work at camp. Harry surprised him one morning by telling him that he remembered a Shakesperian play Mr. Marshall had been in years ago in Harry's home town in Michigan. He knew the names of every principal in the cast and could quote from all the Shakesperian plays and Sonnets. Mr. Marshall tried him out by quoting several obscure lines himself, whereupon Harry said, "Oh, that's all right, too. That's from 'The Tempest,' Act II Scene I."

It developed that Harry's father owned the local paper and Harry, a young man then, did a good deal of reporting for it. But such are the mysteries of life that, after many travels, Harry is perfectly happy in his work with Mr. Anderson's camps. He gets a good salary, comes in contact with interesting people, and keeps active and young at heart.

The new camp, unlike the old one, was right against the railroad so that water could be easily gotten, there not being time to drill. The location was eighteen miles from camp so we had quite a ride morning

and evening.

The first night we were there, there was great excitement outside of our tent. We rushed out to find half a dozen men standing about, and Ken Whitmore clapped a box down over a rattling, writhing thing on the ground. I didn't have to be told that we had caught our first rattler. I don't remember who got it from under the box and killed it, but Eve's tempter was the topic of conversation for the evening. Next morning Richard told us he banged his boots so hard on the floor to see if there were snakes in them that Victor Schertzinger, who had the next tent, called, "Come in!"

It was grey and threatening that first morning. Richard came to breakfast with a bath towel wrapped around his neck for a muffler. He said he was something like an ostrich. If his neck was warm he was warm all over.

Work was impossible for that day. A snow storm seemed nearer than anything else, and at that time of the year at nearly a 7000 foot altitude you can never be sure what you will get. Something had to be done, though, so every man in the place took turns at the limited number of shovels and to the rousing camp tune of "There's a Fallen Arch for Every Heel on Broadway" (Music by Schertzinger, words by Dix) a diamond was cut to the left of the plaza between Mr. Schertzinger's tent and the doctor's in preparation for a ball game. Oh, yes, there was a doctor. Dr. James Doyle; but he didn't have a great deal to do because no one was hurt except one lad who was kitchen helper. He dropped a cake of ice when they were moving from Chin Lee camp, and broke his foot, but the doctor had already started for the Mesa when he arrived in Gallup so the foot was set at the Gallup Hospital.

I peeked out of our tent which Elizabeth Pickett and Jane Novak invited us to share with them, to see how the diamond was getting on, and there was Richard, done up in a big brown overcoat and straw hat, carrying a stove in one hand and its pipe in the other. The sight of him was so comical that next morning when the sun was out I had a picture taken of him. That is just the way he looked around at me when I checked his determined effort to furnish his tent with warmth. Of course we all got stoves, and being the star Richard's would have been the first one put in, but that's what makes him so popular, he is always 'one of the boys' and ready to carry his own.

And then everyone got into the game, the women cheering on the side lines, and when the California Limited rolled by about 300 feet from the diamond, the blasé occupants of the observation car little dreamed that they were gazing at a \$15,000. base ball game. That's what that game cost Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor. \$15,000. a day it costs them to maintain the "Redskin" company on location, salaries inclusive, and a day of work lost is just the Boss' hard luck.

In the afternoon almost everyone went walking, and the walk Elizabeth Pickett picked for herself led to a horse caught in the quicksand. She and her companion worked over him and it so happened that Jane Novak saw him too and came back for aid. They took ropes and a truck and all the men left the camp and went to the rescue. The poor animal had given up hope, and sunk to above the shoulders, seemed resigned to its fate. With shovels the mire about it was dug away and a rope placed around its belly. Then came the

tug of war. But it was saved. It was too weak to stand and fell flat. The men, most of them fine horsemen, massaged its legs and then it suddenly smelt grass. In an instant it went like a wild thing to reach it. The men remained until the animal was fairly steady on its feet and sighted some of its friends on a neighboring hill.

"I'll bet that horse won't forget you," we said that night as we hugged our nice warm stove and ate candy while hearing the story.

"No," said Elizabeth with her happy laugh, "no horse that had that rope tied around its middle would ever forget who pulled it!"

Ruth and I had been taken on a drive through the country by Ken Whitmore, and little Dick Abeita went along to point out the places of interest. Dick is sixteen, a full-blooded Indian, and his father was a sheriff. Dick has a writer's mind and will some day be heard from, for he has also picked up a very fine education and has a graphic method of description that makes his stories live in your memory.

Coming home we saw a snake in the middle of the road and the men got out to kill it thinking it was a rattler. The poor thing was so cold that all it could do was raise its head and hiss. One of them, gave it a crack with a small stick which meant nothing to it at all, and then they discovered it was a bull snake and not a rattler. Bull snakes are good. They are harmless and clear the country of pests, so they lifted it out of the road into the sage brush.

"I'll bet that bull snake thought we had our sense of humor all right," said little Dick. "Cracking it over the head one minute and saving its life the next."

I forgot to say that during the day we spent at Gallup the sacred Sand Paintings which decorate the walls of El Navajo Hotel were explained to us by Mr. E. Purdy, agent for the Sante Fe Railroad. Dick Mattox, trader and guide, whom you will see in the picture also told us about them. It is the first time they have ever been put on the walls of any structure, and a good many Indian research workers won't believe that they are there until they see them with their own eyes. They are the symbols of the Indian religion and are made with different-coloured rocks which have been ground into powder and sifted through a funnel, just as a confectioner decorates his cakes. They are done on the sand, and never left after sundown. You will see one in "Redskin" for, because they thought the Good Great Spirit was beneficently inclined toward these white men, they made a sand painting for them.

I discovered that the Indian religion was fundamentally no different from the Christian. There is one Great Spirit. By our thoughts our acts are governed. If we think good thoughts we do good, and if we think bad thoughts we do bad deeds, and the Great Spirit exalts or punishes accordingly. Clouding this pure truth are various superstitions, just as the truth of every so-called Christian religion is clouded by the material minds that interpret it. Certainly it seems to me an impertinence for Christian missionaries to try and teach these Indians a religion that is no better than their own, nor productive of better results.

It seemed to me familiar, that among the Indians, everything is blamed on the woman! If a hunter comes home empty-handed it is not his fault, no indeed! It must have been that his wife was not



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thinking good thoughts for him. She might have been thinking about a new blanket she wanted or something equally frivolous—anyhow, had she been speeding her man with good thoughts he would not have missed his kill. So apparently the woman, who rules the hogan, rules the hunting ground too, if by her thoughts she determines her man's success or failure.

Their explanation of how the red man got to North America before the White Man is this: An offspring of the Navajo god who mated with the badger in those far-off days of mythology when gods did anything, burrowed straight through the earth which is a perfectly simple means of locomotion for a badger, and that is why the red man got here first!

That night at dinner Gladys Belmont could not eat. "You've been at that soda pop again," said Mr. Schertzinger. "How can the child expect to be hungry when she fills herself with that stuff!"

"I only had two, and two couldn't hurt me, surely," said Gladys with a suspicious tremble to her lips.

"Well, you must eat some garlic with me, Gladys," called Richard from his end of the long table. "I'm going to make love to you tomorrow, young lady and if you don't eat some of these delicious anchillaties that Augustina Lopez has been making all afternoon, I can't eat any. And I simply must. So eat garlic with me, Gladys, like a good girl."

Gladys managed to get down a few mouthfulls, and as garlic is a good appetizer, she ate more dinner, too. Mme. Lopez plays the part of the grandmother and being hungry for her country's dish had prevailed upon the cook to let her invade his kitchen and make enough for the entire crowd.

And not wishing to start anything, perhaps I'd better explain Richard's speech. The love scenes were to be done the next day and naturally Richard couldn't breathe garlic over his little leading lady unless she was inoculated, too. Just another thing an actor has to watch out for!

Across the table Henry Hathaway, chief assistant, was having his own troubles. "What are we going to do for Corn-blossom's costume, Vic? The Indians won't rent us anything."

"Oh, sure they will," said Elizabeth Pickett, who was used to Indian ways of procedure.

"Well, I've been trying all day to get an outfit from the Governor's grandmother. And if the Governor's grandmother can't get one I don't know who could!"

The costume was finally procured from the War Chief's wife and Gladys was dressed the first morning by her. The Indian women of this tribe wear layer after layer of buckskin around their legs to show that their men were fine hunters. "Can you imagine putting this stuff on every morning of your life?" asked Gladys the first time she tried winding them herself.

The War Chief is sort of out of a job now that there is eternal peace among the tribes. He arranges the fiestas and any public ceremony.

The first morning everyone was exhausted by the 300-foot climb up the sand-gravel mountain. But if we were exhausted with nothing but our clothes to carry what do you think the cameramen and grips were with all equipment? A camera weighs over 90 pounds.

"I don't care where I set up," said Harry Hallenberger wiping his forehead. "That took all the fight out of me."

Harry Hallenberger was one of the two black-and-white camera men. Eddie Cronjager was the other. Eddie is Richard's permanent camera man and has been with him on seventeen pictures. Out of 300 men tested to get the job Eddie won, and he was just a kid then; it was his first chance.

The two Technicolor men were Edward T. Eastabrook and Ray Rennahan; and they and Andrew J. Callaghan, sales manager for Technicolor, came in for a lot of razzing. Sometimes the things that are fine for a black-and-white camera are not good for Technicolor, and when the 'set-up' was all made this would be found out—you can imagine the remarks cast in their direction. But the result is marvellous.

To make Gladys look as forlorn as possible a black shawl was selected for her; then Technicolor was remembered. "Come on now, Technicolor," said Mr. Schertzinger. "Make all your last complaints about this black shawl."

"It's okay," said Estabrook, "But——"

"Oh, sure, but. It's okay, but——. Why can't you forget that word?"

Andrew J. Callaghan, Ruth and I went across the pool and sat on a rock for a better view. "Those two, Richard and Vic, have razzed me these whole three weeks. Sometimes I have a hard time to think up wise-cracking answers. Rich is great when he gets going. Full of fun. The worst was when they asked me to play a part. During the whole twenty-five years I've been in pictures I've steered clear of acting and to think I would have to do it now! But a man didn't show up for the part and I was the type so I stepped in. Maybe I haven't been razzed for that! I've had fifty telegrams if I've had one."

Mr. Callaghan ought to have a story of his own—that's the trouble with this location, everyone had a story, and I am miserable because I can't write them all. But Mr. Callaghan, having grown up in the business, knows almost everyone in pictures—he gave a start to many players at his own studio years ago, the Essanay. Now he is heart and soul for Technicolor, though on the side he has turned producer again having presented "Jarnegan" to New York this winter, with Richard Bennett in the title role. And Jeanne Cohen, who for so many years was private secretary to Jesse Lasky, is executive manager.

All afternoon we listened to Mr. Callaghan's memories of the early days and the beginnings of most of our biggest stars.

It was an interesting scene, this, taken at the water hole, a beautiful pool which the Pueblos have used for centuries for their drinking water. We had to be very careful to throw nothing near it. Along the tops of the rocks squatted the Indians, watching, and when Richard suddenly grabbed Gladys in his arms it amused them hugely.

Next morning the 300 feet weren't any easier. Richard and Gladys sat under an umbrella to make up while Harry Pringle the make-up man, got out the cosmetics. We were pretty silent, all of us, and Roy and Dolores, to cheer us, began playing all the favorite songs. I don't know how Roy managed with the organ. He must have had help up the steep grade.

Ernie, the property man, appeared over the top of the rocks with two water canteens slung from either shoulder. His dejected face put us all in good humor. "Gee! That's great for a guy that owns one of those Hollywood hillside lots. He could run right up it after this and not know he was doing anything."

Henry Hathaway appeared with a little awning of gauze over his nose to protect it from the sun.

The cameras were a long time appearing that morning. "I suppose they want us to go down there and shoot the picture," said Mr. Schertzinger.

Before we stopped laughing he told us what happened to him that morning. Each tent has a stove and the wood sometimes comes too near the hot pipe.

"What was my embarrassment to hear Al—(Al Sullivan, his brother-in-law who shared his tent)—announce that we were on fire. Out we pranced in the early dawn, me in my B.V.D's, with a couple of tumblers of water to put out a fire. We didn't have a pitcher.

"It reminded me of a story I heard about a travelling salesman who ran up to the desk of Main Street's one hotel and beating his fingers-nails together demanded water. The astonished clerk pointed to the cooler. The salesman rushed over, filled a lily cup and dashed up stairs. In a few minutes he was back for another cup. After about five of these trips, each one more hurried than the last, someone asked whether there was anything wrong. 'I should say there was!' stormed the little man, 'My room's on fire!'"

When we started to photograph the village, Homer Watson, wardrobe master, was the picture of distress. "We've come a thousand miles to photograph a Hollywood street. No one in the world would believe we moved off the lot to get this."

There was some truth in what he said, yet I am sure the cameras—picked up the unusual features: the dome oven that is on every roof, for instance, and that is the system the fireless cooker was taken from. A squaw heats stones until they are white hot, puts them and her bread in the oven, and leaves it or any food, and when she comes back—there is her dinner. Then there are the funny little ladders that are the only entrances to the upper stories. Apparently they are built along the apartment idea—several families living in each house, one to each of the two or three stories, and each with separate ladder entrances which even the dogs use.

On the way back home Dick Mattox told us about some mountains that no white man has ever explored, and he is longing for the leisure to do it. An Indian took him part way along a path and he knows from a few things he found that the earth is rich in precious ore. Dick has countless stories that would fascinate anyone. He is also a very interesting character and possesses the most amazing pair of eyebrows and mustachios in captivity. You will see them if you look sharp, for Dick is in the picture. He has a home filled with treasures from all over the world and wears, along with his buckskins and checked flannel shirt, an exquisitely carved turquoise watch fob from Tibet. At first glance you take him for a plainsman and then you notice, first a beautiful square emerald stick pin, a stunning ring and then the watch fob, and you realize that Dick is very finely appointed.

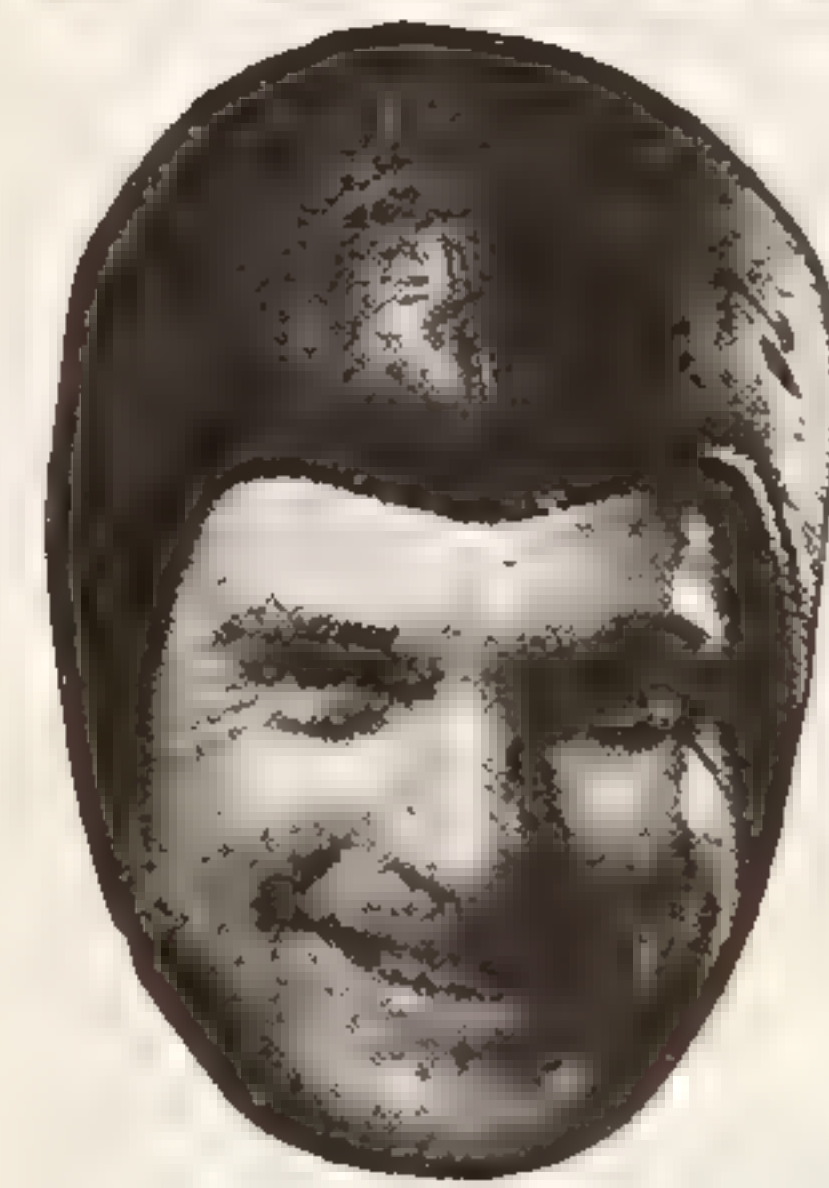
That night in camp we all showed each other pottery we had bought and blankets, but the bitter draught for me was five turquoise matrix, the largest the size of a fifty cent piece, which I was going to buy for \$5.00; and while I was thinking about it, Eddie Margolis, second assistant bought them for \$2.50!

Oh, and there is much more to tell but no more room; so see the picture!

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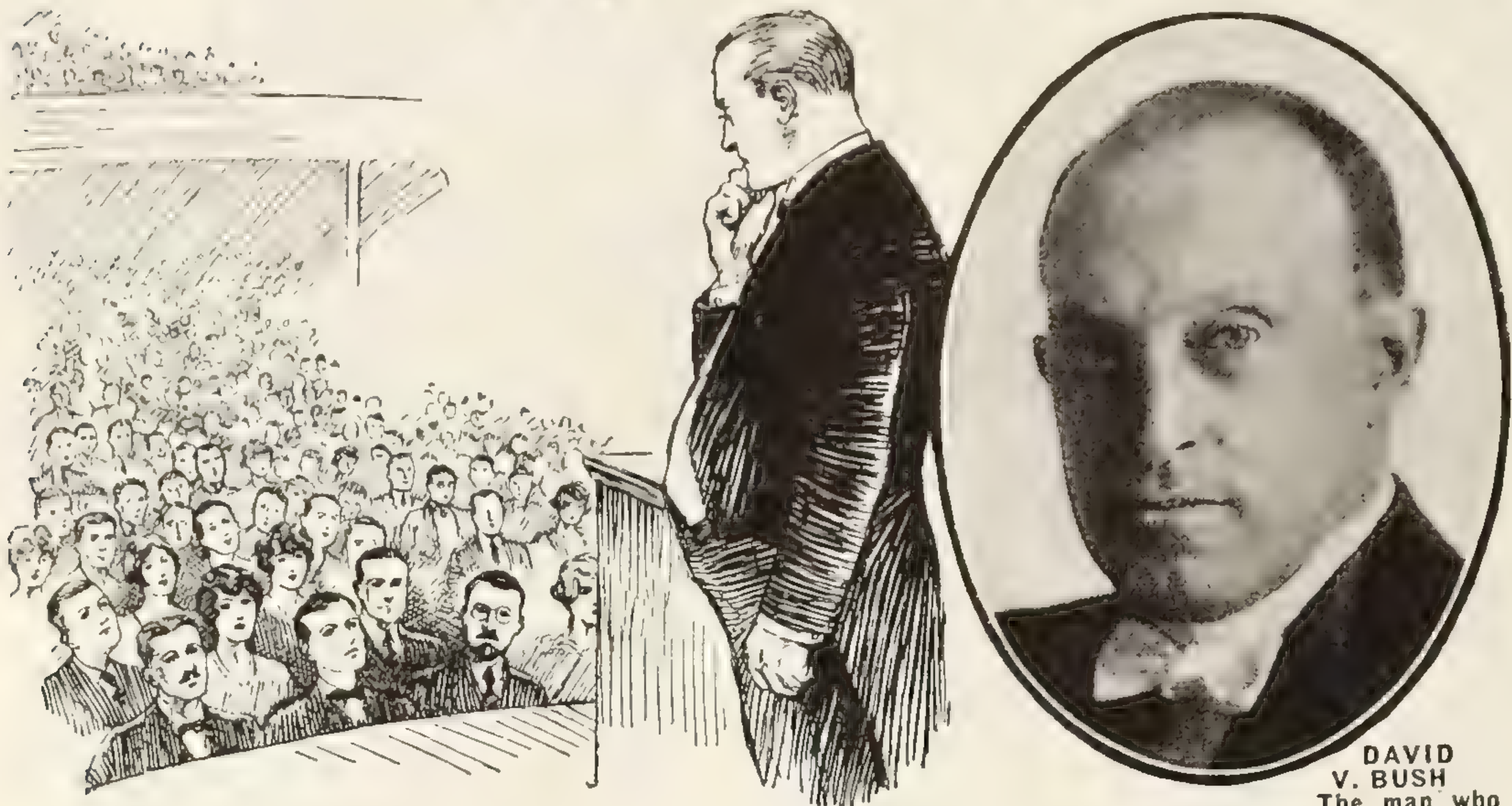
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America

But It Ended My Stoutness

My first and only attack of stage fright showed
me the way to banish excess fat—forever

MY heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I am not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other peoples' inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment. Imagine my delight! *In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds!* During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of re-

ducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue! Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. *In three weeks I was back to normal weight!* To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed!

Nature's Method of Reducing. It Works or It Costs Nothing!

I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic!

I don't care how stout you are. I don't care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, energetic, as Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won't cost you a single penny! No starving—no exercising, no drugs—no external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You simply follow my instructions for a few days until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

This method is so simple that anyone, even a child, can understand how it works and why it works. It is so logical, so reasonable, so sensible that the moment you hear about it you will know instantly that it works.

Send No Money

Merely send me your name and address. When the postman brings you my complete instructions, "How to Reduce," simply pay him the special, low price of only \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. If at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. You risk nothing. **WRITE TODAY. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. H-U601, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.**

David V. Bush
Dept. H-U601, 225 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your complete method, "How to Reduce." I will pay the postman \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied at the end of two weeks, I may return treatment and you will refund my money at once.

Name

Address

City State

Sometimes C.O.D. packages are delayed. To get quickest action send cash with order. If cash accompanies order, we will pay the postage.

Ask Me

(Continued from page 89)

"Conquest" with Lois Wilson and Monte Blue. You can write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

M. J. C., Kingston, Ontario. You tell me my chatter is good to the last page—now what's wrong with the last page? Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers were certainly up in the air in "Wings." Would I say they were sky-larking? Well, that may get by but not if the Editor sees this first. As far as I know, Joseph Striker is not married. He is 27 years old, 6 feet 9½ inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. That's his real name. Mary Pickford has not retired from the screen but will soon be making another picture, "Coquette," scheduled for release on Easter Monday. Right away won't be too soon for us. Mary Kornman and Johnny Downs, two of the original members of 'Our Gang' are in vaudeville. I do not know their ages but I'd say Mary was about 12 and Johnny 14. I can't hear what they say.

Dorothy M. of Jamestown, Pa. Thank you for your faith in my ability. I may have the goods but not always the display space, if you get me. "Ladies Must Dress" was made by Virginia Valli, Nancy Carroll, Lawrence Gray, Tom Cooley, Earle Fox, Wilson Hummel and William Tooker, for Fox Films. Virginia Valli was born in Chicago, Ill. She has dark brown hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Virginia is now playing in "Street of Illusion" for Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., and also in a stage play. Madge Bellamy and her husband are separated. Vilma Banky's latest picture is "The Awakening." Norma Shearer is not retiring from the screen but is busy at work on "A Lady of Chance," at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and then she is to make "The Trial of Mary Dugan." I understand in sound.

Betty W. of New York City. If I gave you all of Tom Mix's pictures made in the last three years, there'd be a lot of gun-play, some first class hold-ups and I'd be way behind trying to keep up. Tom has made 25 pictures, more or less, during the past 3 years; I haven't space for the list but here are a few of them: "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Best Bad Man," "The Rainbow Trail," "The Yankee Senor," "The Great K and A Train Robbery," "Outlaws of Red River," "The Circus Age," and "Silver Valley." Wallace Reid's last picture was "Thirty Days." He was a sick man then but worked to the end of the film. He started work on another picture, "A Gentleman of Leisure," but after a few days before the camera, he had to give up the fight. No one has ever taken Wally's place on the screen.

Lloyd K. of Richmond, Ind. I can tell you a lot of nice things about Janet Gaynor but you crave a letter from her in her own hand-writing and ever'thing. Will she answer your letter? Janet knows, I don't. She was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1907. Her hair and eyes are brown. Her next picture will be "Street Fair" with Charles Morton. Drop her a letter, written in your best bib and tucker, and see what you get.

Grayce B. from Brooklyn. My idea of

a grand pain in the neck is to have the subtitles of my favorite picture read aloud by kind but thoughtless neighbors. That always puts a crimp in my sunny disposition. Well, the talkers will fix 'em! Olive Borden was born in Virginia 20 years ago. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Irene Rich was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on October 13, but she doesn't say what year. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 2, 1897. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Norma Shearer was born at Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, September 17, 1902. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is the wife of George Webb.

Becky of St. Louis. You want the private life of the stars, but what is there private about the life of a star? We great big-hearted fans get the low-down on them before they do and who wouldn't? Gardner James was born in New York City. He is 6 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 139 pounds and has light brown hair and dark brown eyes. He was on the stage before going into pictures. Clara Bow has red hair and plenty of it. Gloria Swanson's husband is Marquis de la Falaise de Coudray. There's a title for you. And one that won't be changed.

C. L. C. of Warsaw, N. Y. I'm reduced to a shadow wading through the avalanche of letters that want to be answered in 'next month's issue.' Give me time; it's all the same to me—I'm used to staying in. Gaston Glass was born and educated in Paris, France. He was on the stage before going into pictures. He has dark hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Address him at 3800 Mission Road, Hollywood, Cal. That is an old address but it may reach him. 'Big Boy' (Guinn) Williams has appeared in "Back Stage," "Lightning," and "The College Widow." He is in "My Man," starring Fannie Brice. You can write to Guinn at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

J. E. L. of Cromwell, Minn. What would the world do without this arbitrator? That's me! All disputes, family fights and other friendly relations settled on a moment's notice. Marian Nixon is a native of Wisconsin. She was born October 20, 1904, in Superior. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 109 pounds. Marian was in "Out of the Ruins" with Richard Barthelmess. You can write her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Eleanor K. of The Dells, Wis. You'd like to see me, would you? Just use your imagination and you'll have a fair idea of my vivid personality. Buster Collier is not married. He is 26 years old. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., on Feb. 6, 1901. He has brown hair and dark blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. Ben's next picture will be "The Air Legion."

M. M. M. of Des Moines, Ia. Life means zero to you without some good news of Richard Barthelmess. That's bad. He was born in New York City, May 6, 1895. His mother was an actress of note. He

was 21 years of age when he appeared in "War Brides." His work in "Tol'able David" was one of the outstanding films of 1921. Richard is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 138 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He looks the clean-cut type of the typical American. He is the proud father of little Mary Hay Barthelmess. He was married again not so long ago to Mrs. Jessica Sargent.

Jeanne Bow from Chicago. Here is a silent boost for Ben Bard. Step up, Ben, and give us a smile—and we'll give you a hand. You can write to Ben at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. The Wampus Baby Stars of 1923 were Eleanor Boardman, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Devore, Virginia Brown Faire, Betty Francisco, Pauline Garon, Kathleen Key, Laura La Plante, Margaret Leahy, Helen Lynch, Derelys Perdue, Jobyna Ralston and Ethel Shannon. You can reach Ricardo Cortez at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee B. of Houston, Texas. You'd like to frame the stars on our cover page but how would they like it? What is this, a frame-up? All right, Lee; I'll pass the request on to the new Editor and give her something to think about. Carol Dempster has not made a picture since "Sorrows of Satan." She lives in a beautiful home at Beverly Hills, Cal., with a sister and brother, and does not worry her pretty head about pictures. She studied dancing under Ruth St. Denis and was on the stage as one of the Denishawn dancers before going into pictures. Under the direction of D. W. Griffith she played in "Scarlet Days," "The Love Flower," "Dream Street," "America," and others.

At Sea, Toronto, Canada. You won't be at sea very long after reading my department, sailor! George Lewis has appeared in several feature pictures since "The Fourflusher." He played with Patsy Ruth Miller in "We Americans," in "Give and Take" with Sharon Lynn, and in "Honey-moon Flats" with Dorothy Gulliver. Tim McCoy's next release will be "Sioux Blood." Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1895, at Mission, Texas. He played the role of Paul Revere in "Janice Meredith" in 1924 and in 1926 made his first picture for First National, "Senor Daredevil." His next will be "Cheyenne."



Miss Mary Duncan and a very lucky dog.

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Betty Boyd and her novelty neck-piece. When she isn't lending her pretty presence and talents to Educational Comedies Miss Boyd is a fancier of 'Persian cats perfumed and fair.' This handsome feline is one of her prize-winners. He hasn't scratched yet.

Studio Chatter

WILL talking pictures open up a new field to trained animals? This would seem to be so, judging from a letter received by Charles Richards, casting director at the Pathe Studios.

The letter reads in part as follows: "I have a talking and singing parrot that I believe would go over big in talking pictures. This bird can sing the following choruses: 'It's a long way to Berlin,' and 'I'm forever blowing bubbles,' and he carries the tune wonderfully well with piano accompaniments. Would like for you to hear him, and also would like to know if you will give him a tryout."

Richards says he doesn't mind listening to tryouts of singing parrots, but when it comes to guinea-hens and peacocks, birds which look a lot better than they sound, he draws the line.

Two faces familiar to the moving picture fans of the past decade appear in Douglas Fairbanks' newest picture, "The Iron Mask." They are those of Florence Turner and Francis Ford.

Miss Turner portrays the role of the Mother Superior of the Carmelite Convent. Mr. Ford enacts a gentleman of the court of Louis XIII. Both Miss Turner and Mr. Ford were screen stars of the first magnitude in the early days of motion pictures, when Douglas Fairbanks was making his first step from the stage to the screen.

Mr. Fairbanks plays D'Artagnan, the bravest soldier of France, in "The Iron Mask," the sequel to "The Three Musketeers," which he filmed six years ago.

Sandstorms on the desert are all right in sheik pictures when they are specified in the script and manufactured to order, but according to Director George Melford, who has just returned with his company from the vicinity of Yuma, Arizona, they are not so good when supplied by the local weather man.

With a company that includes Olive Borden, Noah Beery and Hugh Trevor in the principal roles, Melford went to the

Arizona sand steppes to film exterior scenes for "Love in the Desert." The director is right at home on the camel playground, inasmuch as he directed the late Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik" and made several other desert pictures, but he was obliged to call 'time' for one hundred and fifty extras and all the rest of the outfit when sandstorms blew up two or three times a day. Husky extras were obliged to hold down the tents where Miss Borden and the other players sought refuge and only the camels seemed to enjoy it.

Willard Mack, who recently arrived at the coast to assist in the production of talking films, has completed an original story, "Hunted." This will be an all-talking picture, and Mack will direct as well as portray the leading character. The story concerns the events following a man's break from prison. Duane Thompson, who has played in comedies, and Mary Doran will have the chief feminine roles in "Hunted," and the cast will also include Robert Ames and John Miljan.

Lois Wilson returns to the Columbia lot this week to be featured in "Object-Ali-mony," a take-off on the girls who make marriage a venture of high finance. She will play a dashing divorcee, a role entirely different from her usual wholesome debutante characterizations.

During the past few months Miss Wilson took a flyer in the legitimate which was followed by several appearances in 'talkie' productions.

Lane Chandler, tall young Westerner who has played in several Paramount pictures, has made good. Word came from the West Coast yesterday that Chandler has been signed to a new contract which will continue his services with Paramount for some time to come. Chandler at present is enacting the juvenile leading role in "The Wolf of Wall Street," George Bancroft's latest starring film.

Chandler, six feet two inches tall and the product of a Montana ranch, is a col-

lege graduate. His screen career commenced less than two years ago when a director for an independent film company discovered him working as a guide in Yellowstone Park.

Russell Gleason, son of James Gleason, has lost no time in following in the footsteps of his father, mother and other members of his family. He has just been signed by Benjamin Glazer to play one of the leading roles in Pathe's first all-talking picture, "The Missing Man."

Young Gleason's introduction to the screen came recently in "The Shady Lady," starring Phyllis Haver. Though a novice the acting talent that is his heritage made his work so satisfactory that he was given voice and dramatic tests for "The Missing Man." His engagement followed.

Paramount has imported a German heroine to play opposite the French music hall idol, Maurice Chevalier, in his first American talking picture. Her name is Dita Parlo. Her first picture will be "The Innocents of Paris" from the novel by C. E. Andrews.

American picturegoers will have an early opportunity of seeing Miss Parlo who is starred in "The Homecoming" a UFA production, filmed under the supervision of Erich Pommer, which is to be released here soon by Paramount. Miss Parlo, a great favorite among European filmgoers, is young, brunette and slender with the personal magnetism of Greta Garbo and Clara Bow combined, according to one enthusiast, who saw her in "The Homecoming."

With other sections of the country shivering in the face of winter, Hollywood joins Paris and New York by laughing at Old Jack Frost and joyfully getting ready for the spring. But Hollywood goes further than either New York or Paris by actually wearing many of the spring styles now.

The newest thing in the way of garments being purchased by stars of the screen is in the form of undies. Spring frocks are slightly longer than they were last season. Many of the smartest evening dresses dip to the floor in back, some of them showing trains. But, by way of compensation, the smartly dressed woman who wears a frock with the uneven hem line extending to her ankles in front and trailing the floor behind her, has knee-length night robes and pajamas to don when she returns to her home.

This ultra new fashion has been introduced to Hollywood by Alice White, who has imported several of the knee-length night robes which are of silk crepe and

elaborately trimmed with insets of lace. Miss White also had some of the knee-length pajamas, which are of silk crepe and tailored.

Wallace Beery yesterday took his final flight and is fully licensed by the Government to act as an aviation transport pilot. The actor has been a keen enthusiast on the subject for two years, ever since he made the comedy, "Now We're in the Air." He took lessons in flying and recently purchased a plane. He has flown frequently from the Hollywood studios to a cabin he owns about 100 miles distant and back again next morning in time for work. Beery is now acting in "Tong War," a melodrama of the Chinese-American underworld. Florence Vidor is co-featured with him.

What good is that 'school-girl complexion' when it is all covered with lampblack? That's what half a dozen beauties, playing in Lupino Lane's new comedy, "Be My King," want to know. Lane is pictured as a stranded sailor on a South Sea Isle in this comedy, and the girls are cast as beautiful cannibals. Hence, 'that skin you love to touch' is covered with the black coating.

Finding children that look like prominent stars in their infancy is one of the bugaboos of the harassed casting director. But it can be done.

After weeks of intensive search, Edward Molnar, Leon Ramon and Virginia Marshall have finally been selected to represent the three juvenile leads in "The Younger Generation," in the prologue of the production.

The three youngsters will portray Ricardo Cordez, John Darrow, and Lina Basquette at the age before they dreamed of cameras or a screen career.

Lila Lee is making "The Black Curl" which is to be made with sound device accompaniment. Miss Lee is finding this a busy season. She had just completed one of the feature roles in "Queen of the Night Club" at Warner Brothers when she was signed for this new production. Lila, who had an early stage training, is well qualified to make 'talkie' films.

Belle Bennett is going in for bicycling. The film star said she enjoyed that particular sport greatly when she was a school girl and she sees no reason in the world why she shouldn't again indulge in this form of relaxation.

"Fortunately I have moved out in the country where I can ride unnoticed," says Belle.



"How we saved our first \$500"

"MARY and I had been married four years, but we couldn't save a cent. Fact is, we were constantly in debt and I was always worried for fear I would lose my position.

"Then one night I saw that something must be done, so I told Mary I was going to take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools. 'I've been hoping you would do that,' she said. 'I know you can earn more money if you really try.'

"So I started studying after supper at night, in the spare time that used to go to waste. It wasn't hard and pretty soon I began to see it was helping me in my work. In three months a new position was open and the Boss said he'd give me a chance at it because he'd heard I was studying with the I. C. S.

"Well, that was the start. Before the end of the year I received another raise in salary and we began to save a little each week. We've got \$500 in the bank now and we're going to have a lot more soon. The Boss says he's going to give me a still better position if I keep on studying with the I. C. S."

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Robert Armstrong — Continued from page 51

suffered a set-back. It was a case of beginning all over again. For five months Armstrong couldn't get a job. Finally he landed a small part; then another. And then a lead. His luck changed. But it wasn't until he met James Gleason and Mrs. Gleason, Lucille Webster, that Robert Armstrong really came into his own.

James Gleason had written a play, "Is Zat So?" He staged it in Milwaukee, with Robert Armstrong in the role of the prize-fighter. It was a hit from the start. Such a hit that a New York producer offered to put it on. "Is Zat So?" ran on Broadway for a year, in London nine months, in Los Angeles five. The royalties and film rights have already netted Gleason a fortune, while

Armstrong's performance of the prize-fighter won him an international reputation as an actor—and a contract in the movies.

This man who plays crooks and rough-necks on the screen is a quiet chap after the studio whistle blows. He is devoted to his wife, Ethel Kent. He has a great respect for her opinion of his work.

"And don't think," he says, "that she does any 'yessing,' either. Once or twice I have been afraid she wouldn't let me ride home with her from previews of my pictures. She didn't exactly 'pan' me—oh, no. She just pointed out spots where she thought I might have been just a little bit better. And I don't mind telling you I think she's right!"

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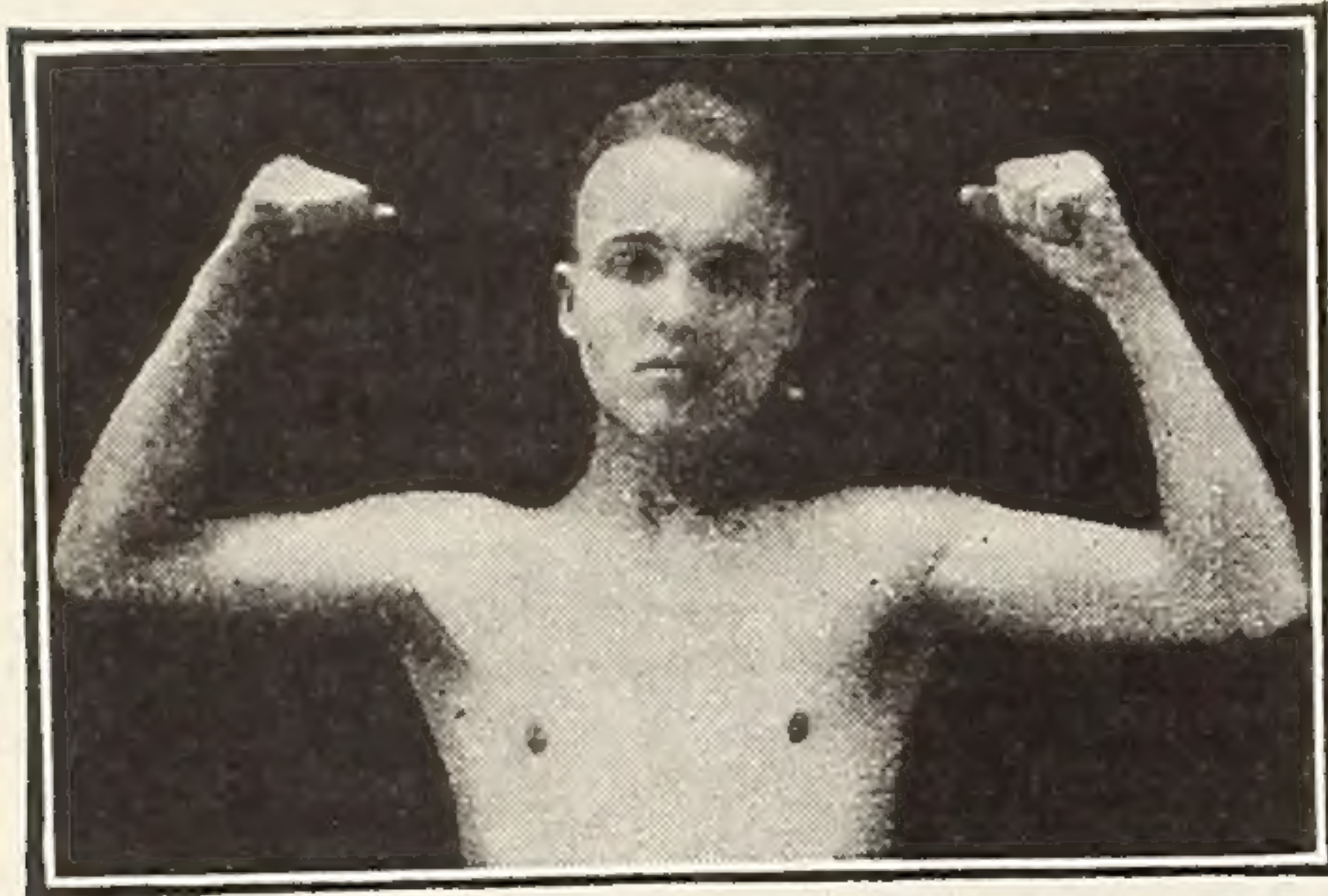
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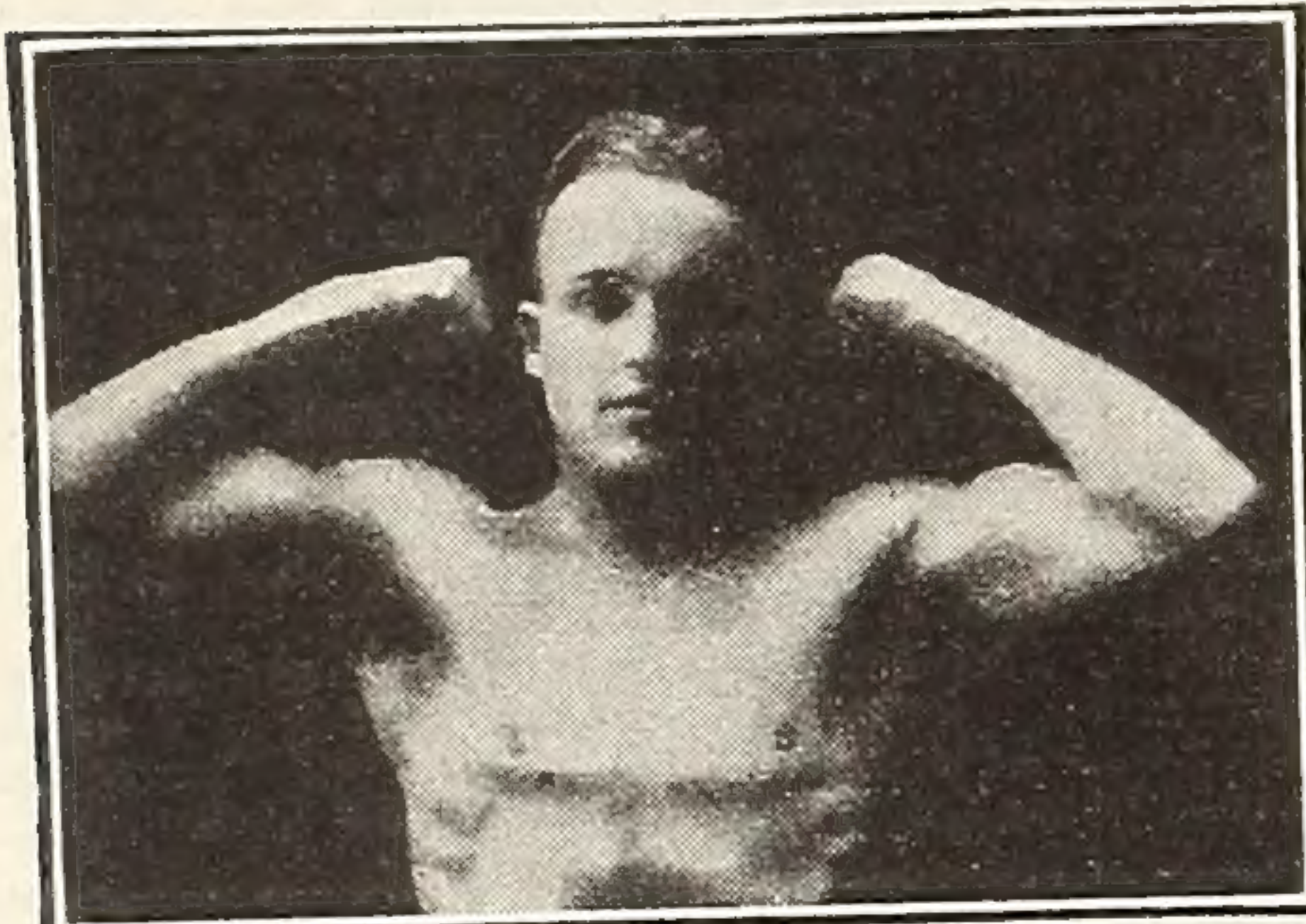
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Here's Raquel Torres exhibiting the very latest in flower ornaments which, when opened, reveals a coin purse to contain, we suppose, car-fare.

Will "Talkie" Actors Speak English or American?

By Augustus Barratt

Professor Barratt knows his vocal vegetables. Read what he has to say.

AN old Persian proverb observes that "The misfortunes of others are easy to contemplate," but we must not forget that farce is founded on tragedy, and that the troubles of the actors and the misgivings of the managers in the silent movies seem very real and potent to themselves.

No one can doubt that the merely mechanical defects of reproduction will be overcome, so the main difficulty will be with the performers. Apart from any special ability for acting, the first question to be studied is voice quality.

Now we all know that the profession of singing and speaking voice culture needs de-bunking. Probably not more than two per cent of the teachers in this country are really qualified. I have been conducting a 'Teacher's Class' all winter and have had highly intelligent students from all parts of the Union, but I certainly would not consider them equipped to tackle delicate cases of voice adjustment. The main trouble hitherto has been that actors and other people dependent on their voices have not realized that the speaking voice can be trained to be as elastic as a prima donna's, and that there should be no difficulty in adapting the tone, pitch, quality, and placement at any given moment to meet an unforeseen emergency. My students are taught to speak their lines from the softest *pianissimo* to the strongest *fortissimo* with the exact nuance of expression maintained, so that the effect demanded by the producer can be registered however near or far the microphone may be. That is merely a part of the day's routine. Moreover, voices are changed entirely and made to suit the personality of the speaker. If a tall, well-set-up girl arrives with a high-pitched,

squeaky voice, she leaves with it placed permanently three or four tones lower; and vice versa, if a small girl comes in with a ringing baritone quality. Harsh voices can be softened, and mushy voices strengthened and given timbre, in a very short period, if the student has application, and the faculty of imbibing instruction.

It seems to me, after many years of experience, producing plays on both sides of the Atlantic, that the gravest question of the moment is pronunciation. Shall the actors speak English or American? If they speak American as the British understand it, full of western and New Jersey 'R's,' nasal twang, and the local peculiarities from different States, the producers will lose their entire foreign English speaking market. If they speak English, it will be just as foreign to the States, for the British have as many variations of dialect as we have. Dictionary English, without traces of country or locality, would solve the problem, and would be acceptable the wide world over. If our American actors study, they need not fear competition. The presence of an expert director who not only knows how to criticize but to correct, and instruct, would save actors their positions, improve the quality of the speaking part of the picture five hundred per cent, and save millions a year in time at rehearsals.

Our American actors need to acquire style. What is style? Perfect tone, polished diction, unaffected by peculiarities of pronunciation, correct breathing, precise emphasis, a sense of climax, ease of manner, mobile facial expression, to fit the emotion of the moment; in short—the acme of finished artistry. Think it over! It doesn't matter how good your voice is, if you don't know how to use it.

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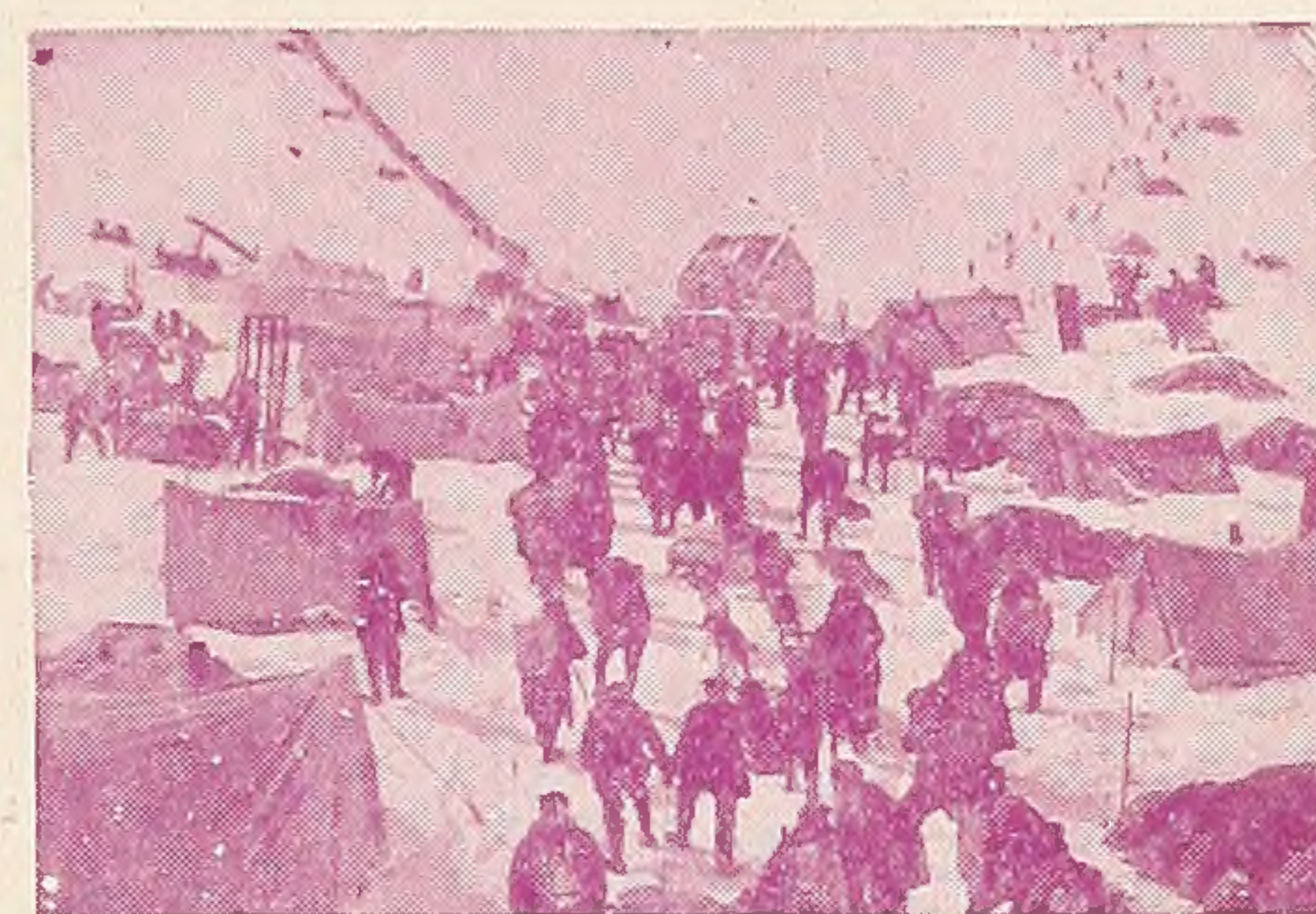
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